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Popular Papers, No. viii. CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

Ladies' WORK Competition CLOSES SATURDAY.

See page 510.

VOL. I.—No. 32.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING FEB. 28, 1891. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

"'CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE' is entirely free from any poison or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredients, and is a good, safe, and useful medicine."—ALFRED SWAINE TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

"The Hon. Surgeon to his Excellency the Viceroy of India prescribes 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' largely, and speaks highly of its efficacy in skin affections, &c. On this account we wrote asking if you could supply the Mixture for dispensing purposes."—Letter from A. JOHN & Co., Chemists, &c., Agra, India, June 5th, 1888.

Warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

"2, St. John's Place, Lisson Grove, London, N.W., Feb. 1, 1890.

"Having been cured by your Clarke's Blood Mixture, I feel that I ought to testify to its value. I suffered with a bad leg for about 18 months, I tried a doctor and different remedies, taking to my bed, and still getting worse, until a friend recommended me to give Clarke's Mixture a trial. I did so, but must confess I had not much faith that I should receive any benefit. However, after taking a couple of bottles I found myself improving, and after taking seven bottles and using one pot of the salve, was pleased to find myself thoroughly cured, and better on my feet than I have been for many years. I send you this testimonial totally unsolicited, and solely for the good of others.—I beg to remain, Gentlemen, yours faithfully "WILLIAM CANN."

Sold in Bottles, 2s. 9d. each, and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11s.—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases. By all CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world, or sent to any address on receipt of 33 or 132 stamps by the Proprietors, THE LINCOLN and MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN. TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

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It develops Ozone—the principle of life—will cleanse the mouth, clear the throat, and sweeten the breath, and corrects all impurities arising from errors in diet.

It prevents, and instantly relieves, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, GIDDINESS, HEARTBURN, ACIDITY, PALPITATION, &c.

Invaluable for BILIOUS HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, GENERAL DEBILITY, LASSITUDE, &c. Imparts New Life and Vigour to the System, maintains a clear healthy condition of the skin.

Bottles, 2s. 9d., of all Chemists and Stores. If not procurable from the nearest, a Postal Order for 2s. 9d. to the Manager, SALT REGAL WORKS, LIVERPOOL, will bring a Bottle by return of Post.

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Fry's Pure Cocoa

This preparation of Cocoa is exceedingly soluble and easily digested. It makes a most delightful beverage for breakfast or supper.

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TO SECURE THIS ARTICLE ASK FOR FRY'S CONCENTRATED COCOA.

CHAMPION'S VINEGAR.

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LESS LABOUR! GREATER COMFORT!

USE SUNLIGHT SOAP

GUARANTEED PURE, AND TO CONTAIN NO INJURIOUS CHEMICALS.

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PRESS OPINIONS.

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A 6d. bottle in daily use lasts 3 months, a 1s. bottle 9 months. In bottles 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. from all chemists, or Post free for 9d., 1s. 3d., and 2s. 9d.

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T. R. CLARK,

THE LABORATORY, CROUCH END. N.

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Quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. of all Chemists, or will be sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the maker,

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(See Press Opinions.)

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Size about 21 by 45. No. 1 quality, 2/6 each; No. 2 quality, 5/- each.

To be obtained from the leading drapers in each town.

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ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS is warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex (acquired or constitutional), Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Guaranteed free from Mercury. Sold in Boxes, 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World, or sent to any address for sixty stamps by the Makers, the Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

£120. PRIZES. £120.

Fee 1s. No. 13 Competition. Fee 1s.

£50, £25, £10, £5, £3, £2, and 25 prizes of £1 each, will be paid to those counting most correctly the letter "E" in the first four chapters of Ezekiel, capital and small, ordinary Bible, verses only. State number in each chapter and total of all. Entrance fee 1s. P. O. or 13 stamps, and 1½d. (stamps) for printed result. Closes March 4th, prizes and result March 10th. Should a large number send correct lists a deciding task will be set to the correct counters, so that prizes will not be less than £1 each. Mention this paper. Address—A. BRENTVILLE, Buckland, Dover.

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WHY spend years in learning the Piano by Music? when RITCHIE'S MUSICAL INDICATOR enables anyone entirely ignorant of music to vamp accompaniments to thousands of songs (in all keys) and play dozens of pieces, waltzes, &c., by ear on the Piano, Harmonium, or American Organ, in one week. Price, with Book of Songs and full instructions complete, post free, 1s. 8d. W. RITCHIE & Co., MAPLE ROAD, ANERLEY, LONDON, S.E. (Please state Journal.)

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And thereby save two intermediate profits at least.

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£12 FOR SIXPENCE.

£10 in full will be paid to the person counting most correctly the letters R and O, in the 7th Chapter of "Numbers." Verses only, ordinary Bible. Fee 6d., and stamped envelope for the result sheet. Closes March 7th, result a week later. Ties divide. Also extra prize of £2 to the person sending in most lists and fees. Get your friends to enter and enclose all in one envelope. Prizes increased if entries permit. Mention paper. Address, WM. HARLEY, care of Mrs. Johnson, 15, Florence Street, Liverpool.

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Any machine 12 monthly payments, or liberal cash discount. Machines bought, sold exchanged. Riding taught. Immense variety second hand machines always in stock Monthly payments or cash. Repairs cheapest and best work in London. Estimates free.

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£10, £7, £5, & eight prizes of £1

will be paid to those counting correctly the letter "B" in the first three Chapters of St. Matthew, capital and small, ordinary Bible, verses only. State number in each chapter and total of all. Entrance fee 1s. Closes March 31st, result April 4th. Proceeds for a deserving charity. Address,

M. LEWIS,

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NO RISK! NO EXPENSE!

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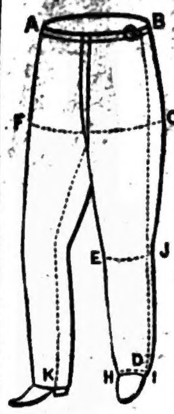

And easy self-measurement rules sent free to any address. By this means for ONE HALF-PENNY facilities are placed within the reach of all for making at their own homes, where they can be looked over at leisure and thoroughly examined, as complete a selection of patterns (not to be returned) as is to be found in the United Kingdom; and on receipt of P.O. or cheque for 12s. 6d. we will forward to anyone, carriage paid, the best fitting pair of Trousers they have ever had.

These Trousers have been worn by the Clergy, Professional Gentlemen, Tradesmen, Farmers, and others continuously for the last twelve years, and have never failed to give satisfaction. In writing for patterns please say whether light, dark, or medium shades are required. New designs. Reliable materials. Fit guaranteed. Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre," complete edition, post free for 2d.

THOMPSON BROS., 50, Market Place, Blackburn, and at Rochdale (Drake Street), Burnley, and Bolton.

WHAT IS A NOUN?

A NOUN IS THE NAME OF A PERSON, PLACE, OR THING.

A genuine competition. Prizes to the amount of £20 will be given to those counting the most nouns in the first 5 Chapters of St. Matthew, pure and simple. Fee 1s. P.O., and stamp for result. Closes March 20th. Result March 27th. Address

BECKITT & BEAUMONT,

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Wonderful Timekeeper. Genuine silver case, crystal plate glass, six jewels, post free. Written warranty. Full particulars, and remarkable testimonials in our

Splendid New Catalogue

elegantly illustrated with 1,100 engravings, containing "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH," also "WHAT IS A PERFECT WATCH?" etc., sent gratis and post free.

Special English Lever, £3 10s. Capped and Jewelled. Marvellous Value. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.

The "Knockabout" Watch, 7s. 9d. Not a small clock, nor a toy, but a marvellous and genuine watch; guaranteed.

DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY AT A SHOP. Send direct to the Manufacturers. Hall-marked Name Brooch, 1s. 6d.; Large Silver Brooch, 10d.; Horse-shoe Scarf Pin, 6d.; Lady's Albert 4s. 6d.; Gent's Albert and Key, 5s. All genuine silver. Gold Keeper Rings, 8s. Gold Earrings, 2s. 9d. Also fine gold jewellery, electro-plate, and cutlery. Every pattern illustrated. Send post card for catalogue.

G. LANGDON DAVIES & CO.,

Belgrave House, Bristol Street, Birmingham. WATCH CLUBS SUPPLIED.

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All persons suffering from Defective Hearing are invited to call and test, FREE OF CHARGE, a New Invention for the Relief of Deafness, at the Rooms of the AUROPHONE Co., between the hours of 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. A qualified medical man always in attendance. WRITE FOR PAMPHLET, FREE BY POST. THE AUROPHONE CO., 39, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.

GIVEN AWAY

WITH EVERY 6d. AND 1s. BOTTLE OF

CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK,

requiring no heating. A Voucher entitling Purchasers to their name or Monogram Rubber Stamp for Marking Linen or Paper. Awarded 44 Gold Medals, Diplomas, and Royal Appointments. Caution! The Original and Genuine has the Trade-Mark "Crystal Palace." Refuse all fraudulent imitations. Works, 75, Southgate Road, London, N. Your Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case, name in Rubber, 7½d. Post free.

"MYSTERIA." SEVENTH THOUSAND.

The Problem Solved. The true view and right observance of Marriage. Safe guide to married and single life. Post free, as a letter, 1s. BOETHOS PUBLISHING Co., 30, Lord St., Liverpool.—"I am very thankful that ever your precious book came into my hands."—"Your excellent work."—"A most serviceable book." (Please mention "Pearson's.")

WATCH CLUBS.

ADDITIONAL AGENTS WANTED.

Foremen, Timekeepers, and others should write to the CITY OF LONDON WATCH CLUB CO. for their new Price List, 1,000 Illustrations. Best Terms. Grand Value.

H. E. PECK,

8, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

"TO BE GIVEN AWAY!"

£350 in Cash Prizes this week. "Pain" has already given £5,000 in Prizes, and as a guarantee of all genuineness, that the prizes offered here will be "paid in full," no matter how few send, the £350 has been deposited with the proprietors of "*Pearson's Weekly*," published at Temple Chambers, London, E.C., and to be obtained for one penny every week, of all newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. After making full inquiries as to Pain's *bona-fides*, the proprietors of "*Pearson's Weekly*" have kindly consented to hold the whole of the £350 until all these prizes have been "paid in full."

Cash Prizes: £100, £30, £20, £10, £5, £3, £2, 20 at £1, and 20 at 10s. (£200), to be "given in full" to those counting most correctly all the two-letter words in the first twelve Chapters of "St. Matthew." Use the Ordinary Bible as found in every home. Count all the two-letter words, for example: of, as, to, on, and others, in the verses of Chapters only, and nothing else. Simply very plainly write, all on one side of a piece of paper, your name and address, and the number you make in each of the twelve Chapters, and total of all. Entrance Fee 2s. Postal Order, must be sent with list, also two penny stamps for printed result. Should several count correctly, prizes will be added together and equally divided, and if no one counts correctly, prizes will be given for the nearest correct work.

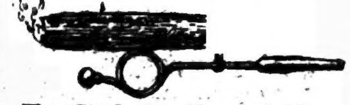
Cash Prizes: £30, £20, £10, £5, £3, £2, 20 at £1, and 20 at 10s. (£100), to be "given in full" to those counting most correctly all the three letter words in the first eleven Chapters of "St. Matthew." Examples: the, son, his, and others. Entrance Fee 1s. Postal Order or 13 stamps, also two penny stamps for printed result. Rules same as above.

Cash Prizes: £15, £5, £3, £2, 20 at £1, and 20 at 10s. (£50), to be "given in full" to those counting most correctly all the four-letter words in the first ten Chapters of "St. Matthew." Examples: book, king, that, and others. Entrance Fee sixpence in stamps, also two penny stamps for printed result. Rules same as above.

All three Competitions close positively Tuesday, March 3rd, so post your lists on or before Monday, March 2nd. Printed Results and prizes will be posted to each Competitor certain not later than Tuesday, March 10th. One person can enter either one, two, or all three Competitions, providing the stated entrance fee is sent with each list. Each Competition must be written on a separate piece of paper, with full name and address on each.

(Bankers: The National Provincial Bank of England, Folkestone Branch). Address letters: W. T. Pain, "The Prizeries," 14, St. Michael's Street, and 39, Queen Street, Folkestone, Kent.

SOMETHING QUITE NEW.



The Studenta Cigar Holder.

Handsomely Plated.

An entirely new way of smoking a cigar, simple and strong. The cigar does not require to be cut. Smokes cool and fragrant to the end. Selling in thousands. Sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of Postal Order for one shilling. DAVIS & CO., 32, Lord Street, Liverpool.

Trade Supplied.

£50. Counting Competition. £50.

A prize of £50 will be given to the person counting correctly the number of "i's," large and small, wherever found, on the first six white pages of this week's *Pearson's Weekly*. If none correct the nearest takes the £50. Should a large number be correct, prize will be divided among first ten correct lists received. Names and addresses of winners will be sent with result. Entrance fee P.O. 1s. and stamped envelope. Competition closes March 7th. Result March 12th. Address M. H. GERRARD, 1, Wellington Park, Clifton, Bristol.

PIANO LEARNT IN FIRST LESSON.

GIVEN AWAY.

Before spending your money send for *Sample Copy* of "How to Vamp to Songs," post free on application, and you will be convinced as to the genuineness of this work. Price 1s. 6d. Revised copy, illustrated by three vamps to well-known songs, 3s.

GOODHEAD,

88, Stockton Street, Moss Side, Manchester. NOTE.—This is not a mechanical system.

Earthenware.

CRATES OF ASSORTED SECONDS, £2 each. SPECIAL CRATES OF BEST USEFUL GOODS, £3 each.

JOB LOTS (SECONDS), packed in crates containing 50, 75, or 100 dozen articles, 10d. per dozen all round.

Write for lists.

EARL WORKS POTTERY CO., LONGTON, STAFFORDSHIRE.

GENUINE AND EASY.

£15 equally and honestly divided to those counting most correctly the letter "e" in the 24th chapter of Genesis, verses only (ordinary Bible). Special prizes of £5 and £2 given to those sending most lists and fees, and 10s. each for the first six correct lists received. Entrance fee only 6d. and stamped addressed envelope for result. Closes March 14th Result and prizes posted March 20th. Address, W. T. SUTTON, 46, Clive Street, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE. TO AMUSE.

VOL. I.—No. 32.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING FEB. 28, 1891. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A ROMANCE OF THE KITCHEN.

In brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen,
Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow;
Her hair was coiled neatly, when I, indiscreetly,
Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.

Oh, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,
Or who hum a song so delightedly low?
Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?

How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it,
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow.
Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness;
'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.

At last, when she turned from her pan to the dresser,
She saw me, and blushed, and said, shyly, "Please go,
Or my bread I'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,
If you stand there and watch while I'm kneading the dough."

I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen;
The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no! no!"
Yet when I had vanished, on being thus banished,
My heart stayed with Nancy while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy,
Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my woe,
And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen,
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough.

STEALING A FATHER-IN-LAW.

The frozen waters about the Pole, where the Esquimaux live, have their love tragedies, their Romeos and their Juliets.

A young seal-hunter loved the fair daughter of one of his richest neighbours. She returned his passion, but it was the old story—unalterable opposition on her father's side, and the same article on the mother's, with the usual feminine improvements thrown in.

Between the cake of ice on which the young sealer had erected his hut and the larger floe which was preempted by the parents of his sweetheart, the cold had broken an impassable crevice some hundred feet or more in depth and twenty in width. Save for a single jutting fragment, just thick enough to bear little more than his own weight, his home was completely cut off from the world about him. This practical isolation inspired him.

He began storing up in his humble quarters oil, blubber, and other delicacies sufficient for the support of two for at least six months. He had resolved to steal his bride, and knew that if he gained his ice floe with her and broke down the bridge they were safe from trouble or pursuit for the winter season, or until the warmer weather of the summer moved the icebergs to closer contact. By that time he hoped the opposition of the parents would give way to pardon and reconciliation.

The Esquimaux sleep together promiscuously on a raised snowbank on one side of the igloo or ice-house. Encased in their sealskin nightbags, with huge protecting hood over the head and face, they are as comfortable as their natures require.

The youth waited outside the girl's home until he thought that all within were asleep, then creeping through the narrow entrance, he made his way towards his darling. He seized the long bag-like mass in which her fair form was encased, bore it triumphantly across the narrow bridge to his stronghold, and, ere pursuit was possible, with his axe cut down the ice bridge and was safe.

Not waiting to hear the objurations of those on the other side of the abyss, he knelt down beside the fluttering form of his heart's devotions, sure of a short period of bliss, at least, and dragged back the hood to catch a glimpse of her sweet face.

He had stolen his father-in-law.

CHIN FEVER.

Chin fever is an affection prevalent among youths from fifteen to eighteen years old. The first symptoms are, inclination to pass the hand over the chin; sometimes over the upper lip. The sufferer has an expression as if impatiently expecting something, which is delayed in coming. He will frequently gaze carefully into the looking-glass, as though it were the mirror of fortune.

As the trouble increases, the afflicted boy may be seen stealing away to some retired place, and striving to get some ease by applying strong soapsuds to his chin; so anxious is he sometimes to get rid of his trouble, that he has been seen to threaten to cut his throat with his father's razor. As usual, the quack medicine dealers take advantage of such persons in trouble, and advertise compounds warranted to cure the worst cases in from three to six weeks, but their applications only aggravate the symptoms, and cause more frequent turnings to the glass, and more violent manipulations of the face.

It is a relief to know that this trouble is not fatal, and disappears gradually as the beard grows, though we have known cases where some of the symptoms, especially passing the hand affectionately over the face, have remained through life. The best treatment for the patient, perhaps, is to let him alone, as advice in such cases usually aggravates the complaint.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE EAST WIND.

To many people the east wind is a bracing, stimulating tonic, and has the same effect as a visit to the seaside. It is its quality of crispness which gives its tonic and stimulating characters to an east wind. Anyone accustomed to observe himself and his own moods and tenses, knows that his hands are smaller on a dry, east-windy day than on a moist, warm one. A look at those portions of his body which are exposed will show him that his skin is shrunk and leathery-looking, instead of being in its ordinary plump and distended condition.

Why is this? The cold dry air has contracted the blood-vessels and greatly diminished their contents. But the blood is still in the body, and, being driven from the skin by the cold, has fled to the deeper and warmer parts. Hence, not merely the heart, lungs, liver, and kidneys have received a larger supply, but the brain and spinal cord have also shared in the new wealth. The brain and cord being thus richly supplied with material, a rapid rise of spirits, an increase of muscular energy, and an added power of endurance are promptly produced.

But there is another and possibly still more efficient cause of high spirits and power of work in the east wind. It causes a rarefaction of the air, and clear, rarefied air oxygenates the blood more quickly and effectively than heavy, stagnant air, and thus quickens the speed of every physiological process, hurrying on the whole life, as it were, at express instead of parliamentary speed. It produces all the exhilarating effects of the most powerful kind of stimulant, without any of the objectionable consequences.

Of course, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." Before the east wind can have this beneficial effect there must be acquired a sound digestion, habits of daily energetic and sufficiently prolonged exercise in the open air, and a fairly high level of general health. To this must be added the wearing of stout woollen garments from head to foot, with additional folds, if need be, round the loins and on the chest.

Regular, sufficient, and suitable meals—including as much fat, in the shape of meat-fat and butter as can be digested—are indispensable. Thus furnished within and without, a very great many people who now dread the east wind might face it, not only without dismay, but with positive pleasure and a sense of triumphant victory. But there are some who never have conquered this dread enemy, and who can never hope to do so. These should keep themselves warm indoors; and, if they must go out, they should never face the weather when hungry.

A CHILD'S EXPENSIVE WHIM.

There is a bridge in Constantinople over which the contractor lost an immense sum of money in the following manner:—The bridge was to have been finished by a particular day, but the contractor found that this would be impossible with Turkish workmen, unless he worked night and day. This he obtained leave to do, and the necessary lights and torches were supplied at the Sultan's expense.

All went well for a time, till the unfortunate contractor was told that he must open the bridge to let a ship from the dockyard pass through some time before the bridge was finished. He said it was impossible, as he would have to pull everything down, and it would take two to three months to replace the scaffolding and pile-driving machines. He went to the Ministers of Marine and Finance. They only said, "If the Sultan says it must be done it *must*, or we shall lose our places if not our heads."

So the ship came out at a cost of a little over a hundred thousand pounds and a delay of three months in the completion of the bridge, all because the Sultan found his small son crying in the harem one day; the child's grief being that, though he had just been promised to be made an admiral, he could not see his flag hoisted on his own particular ship from the nursery windows.

So a large ironclad was brought out from the dockyard, and moored in front of Dolmabagtcheh to gratify his infant mind, thus causing enormous inconvenience to the whole town for months, to say nothing of the waste of money, of which the Sultan paid very little, and for the loss of which, we imagine, he cared still less.

A new system of economy is said to have been discovered by a charitable gentleman. He noticed a poor man with a wooden leg one day walking past his hotel, and gave him a shilling. The next day he saw the supposed beggar, but he had changed the wooden leg from the right to the left leg. Enraged at the deception, he went up to the man and exclaimed:

"You rascal, you had the wooden leg on your other leg yesterday! You are not lame at all."

"Sir," was the response, with dignity, "I never said I was. I wear a wooden leg for economy, so as not to wear out my trousers, and I change it to prevent one leg of the trousers wearing out before the other."

A teacher in a Sunday-school in R—— was examining a class of little boys from a Scripture catechism. The first question was,

"Who stoned Stephen?"

Answer: "The Jews."

Second Question: "Where did they stone him?"

"Beyond the limits of the city."

The third question: "Why did they take him beyond the limits of the city?" was not in the book, and proved a poser to the whole class; it passed from head to foot without an answer being attempted. At length a little fellow, who had been scratching his head all the while, looked up and said,

"Well, I don't know, unless it was to get *a fair fling at him!*"

Recently, at one of our large hotels, while a party were holding an argument on the subject of spiritualism, a wag volunteered to express his belief that there was something in it, as he himself was a sort of "medium."

"How a medium?" inquired one of the speakers.

"Why," replied the wag, "I can do a good many mysterious things; for instance, I can make a bell ring without touching it."

The other offered to bet him he could not. The wag persisted, and said he would lay him five pounds he could make at least a dozen bells in the passage ring within two minutes, without leaving his seat.

"Done!" exclaimed the sceptic, and the money was staked. The wag turned round on his seat, opened a cupboard-door, and turned off the gas from the upper part of the building. In less than one minute half the bells in the passage began to ring violently, the persons above having suddenly lost their lights. And so the money was fairly won.

A RUSSIAN PRIEST.

About thirty years ago Father Kobylowitz was parish priest at Aratlow, a small hamlet in the neighbourhood of Kiev, in Russia. Late one evening he threw on his cloak and wrapping himself up so that his appearance was completely disguised, he prepared to leave the house in great haste, when his housekeeper said:

"Is your Reverence going out again? Where shall you be, in case you are wanted?"

"I shall soon be back," answered the priest, as he moved towards the door; "you must not let anyone know that I am out."

"Will you not take your gun?" cried the woman, anxiously looking round; "I cannot find it anywhere."

"My gun? Oh, that is no matter," said the priest, as he hurried out. It was pitch dark, and he looked young and handsome as he started on his mission of mercy.

In the meanwhile, the priest penetrated into the dark forest, where he got into a carriage that was waiting for him in a place of concealment. After a drive of about five miles, they stopped at the entrance of a big house, which was in the vicinity of a village of some importance. The priest entered.

An impressive scene was before him. All the requisites for baptism were prepared. The father, brothers, and sisters of the new-born infant knelt devoutly in prayer. The priest at once quietly fulfilled the functions of his holy office, then gave his blessing to the mother and turned to go.

"A thousand thanks, Reverend Father," whispered the gentleman, who was, apparently, a Russian of high rank; "you have rendered me an inestimable service."

"Ah," said the priest, "if only we are not betrayed."

"There is no fear," answered the Russian, "Ivan has taken a solemn oath of secrecy, and the night is very dark. But you, Father, I beseech to keep my confidence. You know my position is at stake as well as my livelihood. If the Government were to find out that I am a Catholic I should be terribly punished. I implore you to keep silence; remember my six children."

"I promise you never to speak of it," said the priest; "it is a matter of course that I should be silent—silent under every possible circumstance. I give you my word as a priest."

A quarter of an hour later the vehicle was conveying the priest back through the darkness. At last the conveyance stopped near the outskirts of the wood. Father Kobylowitz got out; Ivan bowed respectfully and returned home.

The priest passed stealthily through the village and reached his own house unnoticed; but the housekeeper rushed to meet him, and with tears in her eyes exclaimed, "Oh, Father, they have been waiting for you so long! The overseer, Pietrow, has been found shot dead."

"My nephew?" cried the priest, in horror.

"Yes; your niece's husband," she answered; "he has been murdered. Already the organist has been here at least six times, with some of the neighbours, but I solemnly declared you were absent."

"Did Pietrow live long?"

"No; he was dead when they found him."

"Heaven above! Now you must leave me alone," said the priest, as he went upstairs.

It was one o'clock in the morning ere the blessed repose of sleep came to him. One short hour had scarcely passed away when he was roughly awakened by a Russian police official and two cossacks, who stood by the bedside.

"Get up immediately," said the officer: "you are under arrest."

It took some time to make Father Kobylowitz understand that he was suspected of the murder. His gun, still blackened with powder, had been found in the sacristy: the fatal bullet was gone. Could he deny or explain it?

"How was it that your gun was in the church? How was it removed from your room? Who took it? Who fired it off?" To all these questions the priest could give but one answer, "I do not know."

Such an answer as this did not do him much good. Each one had his own theory about the murder of Pietrow. At his examination the priest asked, "Who has thrown suspicion on me? Who found the gun? Who lodged information against me?" There was no reply.

The official rose, and cried in a loud, authoritative voice, "Priest, confess that it was you who shot the peasant Pietrow."

The priest looked up and said in a calm voice, "Heaven knows I have not committed the deed. I know nothing about it. I am innocent."

"But," continued the official, "had you not quarrelled with your niece's husband, the murdered man?"

"True, I disapproved of the marriage, for I felt sure my niece would not be happy with him, and that proved to be the case. To each of them I pointed out their faults, with a hope of doing good."

"You deny, then, that you murdered Pietrow?"

"I did not murder him."

"Where were you at the time of his death?"

The priest turned pale. It was the very hour he had been called to administer the Sacrament of Baptism.

"I—I was—I cannot tell you," he said, at last.

"Were you in your own house?"

"No."

"Did anyone accompany you?"

"No."

"Is it usual for you to go out at that hour?"

"No; only when my duties oblige me."

"However, that did not happen in this instance. Once more, I ask you where you were at the time of the murder? Bring forward a witness to prove that you were then somewhere else, and you will be free."

The priest's only reply was, "I am innocent; but if it is God's will, I am ready to suffer, though I am not guilty."

"You are the murderer!" cried the official; "you, and no one else. Take away the prisoner."

A few days later Father Kobylowitz's prison door was opened and the organist entered. The priest looked up in amazement. What did this mean? It was through this man that he had been sentenced as guilty. In every imaginable way he had set afloat suspicions against the priest, trying to prejudice the authorities against him. And now the man came cringing in, and threw himself weeping at the priest's feet.

"Reverend Father," he exclaimed, wringing his hands, "help me to gain peace; hear my confession."

In about half an hour the prison door was again opened. The organist came out, pale and agitated. No sooner, however, had he got outside the prison than he looked up at the closely-barred window with an air of mocking triumph, muttering:

"Now his lips are closed—now I am safe."

The priest knelt in his cell, with his face buried in his hands. Very fervently he prayed. In about six weeks the trial took place. Father Kobylowitz refused to say where he had been at the fatal hour, and refused also to utter a suspicion against anyone. Still, he in vain pleaded his own innocence. Everything seemed to point to his guilt; after a short deliberation, he was sentenced to hard labour for life in the mines of Siberia.

Very soon after this the vicar-general of the diocese visited the priest's cell, and communicated to him, from the bishop, the major excommunication against a priest convicted of murder, degrading him from his priestly functions.

"I kiss my bishop's hand in full submission," said the priest, but his features were convulsed with anguish; "he does not know—God's will——" Here he broke down, and fell fainting to the ground.

A little later on he heard of his mother's death. It was a great consolation, for he murmured: "Now she will know all. She will know I am innocent, and she will know the cause of this trouble."

After a few weeks a procession of prisoners started on foot for Siberia. They were chained two and two together, and the former parish priest of Aratlow was amongst them.

* * * * *

Twenty years passed away.

Another priest had long been in charge of the parish of Aratlow. The organist still lived there, but he crept about with a sickly, restless air. His wife was the niece of Father Kobylowitz, widow of the murdered peasant Pietrow; they had been married soon after that event. Constantly was she seen in church praying, and shedding bitter tears.

In the neighbouring town there seemed much amiss at the residence of a Russian official. Long ago a priest, almost forgotten now, had baptized his infant daughter in the darkness and hush of night. Now, fearful screams issued from a room kept carefully locked. Mingled with these sounds could be heard a woman's voice muttering incoherently "a baptism—a Catholic priest—the true faith."

"Poor, poor mamma!" sighed a fair, innocent-looking girl in the bloom of early youth—the very one baptized so many years ago by the priest Kobylowitz. "It is settled, papa, is it not, that when Johanna is older I may go into a convent? I will then offer my life for dear mamma's recovery, and that you may be happy once more."

The gray, sad-looking officer had already given his consent to his daughter's wishes. Too well he knew that his cowardly silence had caused Father Kobylowitz's misfortune, and had led to the loss of his wife's reason.

A priest who had been appointed to the parish at Aratlow was summoned late one evening to the death-bed of the organist. After he had administered the last sacraments he opened the door and called into the room of the officials and authorities of the place, who had already assembled in readiness. The dying man then confessed before them all that he had shot the peasant Pietrow, so that he might marry his widow; that he had contrived to throw suspicion on the priest, and that he had made his confession to him in order to insure his silence regarding any discoveries he might make, knowing he would die as a criminal rather than violate the seal of confession. "I have now avowed my crimes, may Heaven have mercy upon me," he cried. Soon after he expired.

The sentence against the priest was immediately revoked, and his release ordered. After a few weeks a letter was delivered to the chief officer; it read as follows:—"*The priest Kobylowitz has been dead four years. He died in the mines. The hard work killed him.*"

"Now, then!" cried a drill-sergeant to a recruit, who was marking time in a most faint-hearted way the other morning, "put a little more heart into it, if you please. You needn't be afraid of waking them up down in Australia."

A certain merchant, who wears his hair skating-rink style, said to his hopeful son the other day,

"Charley, I'm coming down to your school some day this week to see you at work."

"Oh, papa, please don't, the boys will chaff me so about your bald head," replied the unappreciative youth. The old man did not go.

Witness: "He looked me straight in the eye and—"

Lawyer: "There, sir, you've flatly contradicted your former statement!"

Witness: "How so?"

Lawyer: "You said before that he bent his gaze on you, and now you'll please explain how he could look you straight in the eye with a bent gaze." (Witness faints.)

"Can you bring me a couple of good-sized pieces of this steak?" asked a country hotel guest.

"Are not the small pieces just as good?" observed the waitress.

"They are certainly quite as good to eat," responded the guest.

"Well, don't you want them to eat?" asked the servant, in amazement.

"No, I want them to put in the bottoms of my tennis-shoes—the rubber's wearing out."

It is hard for professional pride to remain silent when a good old tradition of the craft is outraged. The other night, when a new drama was produced at a London theatre, the gallery was crowded and the "gods" were pleased to approve of the piece generally until the burglary scene. But when the burglar was seen "doing" the place with all the blinds up, so that he could be seen "at work" from the street, an expert present could bear it no longer, and yelled out,

"Why don't you pull your blinds down?"

The Latest Dodge.—A man recently laid a wager that he would woo, win, and marry a young lady, who with his companions, he had just seen arrive at the hotel where he was living. He introduced himself to the damsel, she smiled upon his suit, and they were married as soon as possible. The wager, of no inconsiderable amount, was handed over to the bridegroom, who left with his bride the following day. It was afterwards discovered that the couple were man and wife, and that they had been travelling about playing the same trick at various hotels.

Some years ago a railway was being made in the neighbourhood of Galashiels, and it was arranged that each of the numerous navvies employed should pay one penny a week to a medical practitioner, so that they might have his services in the event of accident or medicine in the case of illness. During the summer and autumn neither illness nor accident occurred. But when a wet winter followed, all at once the navigators began to call on the doctor for castor oil. Each brought his bottle, into which an ounce was poured, until the oil was exhausted, and the doctor forced to send to Edinburgh for a further supply. When that, too, was getting done, the doctor one day quietly asked a decent-looking fellow what was wrong with the men that they required so much castor oil.

"Nothing wrong at all, doctor; we grease our boots with it!"

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Were we providing no larger a pennyworth of reading matter than some of our contemporaries, we should be able to advertise extensively. As it is, we feel we may ask those whom we succeed in pleasing to make the paper known a little in this manner.

We have printed on small gummed slips a facsimile of the heading with some wording round it. To those who will make use of these we shall be most happy to forward a packet.

A SMART "SPECIAL."

WHEN the Siamese Twins died under very peculiar circumstances—one having died of horror consequent on his brother's death—the public were in a fever heat of expectation to learn whether they would have existed apart.

Various were the artifices resorted to by the "specials" to gain knowledge of this fact, the doctors having sternly declared that they would not admit the press, as it looked like pandering to the morbid appetite of the public.

Medical students and full-blown doctors, with duly authorised certificates, increased to an alarming extent. Hospital porters were offered premiums to vacate their position for one day only. But all was of no avail; the doctors closed the doors, and the operation began.

At its conclusion it was ascertained that the twins could have undergone a successful severance in life. At that interesting moment, or in the debate which followed, one of the doctors observed an unusually life-like hue upon a subject waiting for dissection. But what was his horror, and indeed the horror of them all, as the remark fell from his lips, to observe the corpse suddenly jump up and make for the door! He opened it in time and fled, followed by the enraged doctors.

A cab was waiting outside, and into this popped the supposed corpse, to be driven like mad to the railway station, where he entered a train waiting with steam up, and was swiftly carried away, writing as he went an account of the deliberations of the medical men.

A DISH OF HAIR.

WITH so much hair periodically taken away from the heads of the community what becomes of it all? The civilised man, leaving the barber's shop and feeling the wind strike chill upon the back of his head, gives scarcely a second thought to the ultimate destination of the hair that once shielded him, except perhaps to have a vague idea that it may in time find its way to its appointed place in mortar and mattresses. Even this is mere supposition on his part, and so long as it does not go down the back of his neck it matters to him not the least where it does go.

No such carelessness will content the savage islander. He must know what becomes of every particle of the hair which has been removed, and, to guard against any possible mischance, takes charge of the falling locks as the slivered bamboo or sharpened shark's tooth removes them.

When he has made sure that he has in his hand all the hair that was shortly before upon his head, his first and pressing care is to properly dispose of it. To this end he builds a small fire in his house, puts into it the hair, and with satisfaction watches it curl up and fall to ashes. These ashes he mixes with water and gulps down, and then only does he feel safe.

The reason for all this excess of precaution is that his mind, ever timorous of some blighting evil, is firmly convinced that if anyone could get possession of a lock of his hair, burn it, and swallow the ashes, that person could draw all his strength away, and he would weaken and die, just in proportion as the other waxed hearty. Therefore he takes the dose himself.

A CURIOUS THEORY.

APROPOS of the article in last week's issue, IS MANKIND GROWING TALLER? a correspondent says that a French statistician, who has been studying the military and other records with a view to determining the height of men at different periods, has reached some wonderful results.

The recorded facts extend over nearly three centuries. It is found that in 1610 the average height of a man in Europe was 1·75 metres, or, say, five feet nine inches. In 1790, it was five feet six inches. In 1820, it was five feet five inches and a fraction. At the present time it is five feet three inches and three-quarters. It is easy to deduce from these figures a rate of regular and gradual decline in human stature, and to apply this, working backwards and forwards, to the past and to the future.

By this calculation it is determined that the stature of the first man attained the surprising average of sixteen feet nine inches. Truly, there were giants on the earth in those days. The race had already deteriorated in the days of Og, and Goliath was quite a degenerate off-spring of the giants. Coming down to latter times, we find that, at the beginning of our era, the average height of man was nine feet; and, in the time of Charlemagne, it was eight feet eight inches.

But the most astonishing result of this scientific study comes from the application of the same inexorable law of diminution to the future. The calculation shows that, by the year 4000 A.D., the stature of the average man will be reduced to fifteen inches. At that epoch there will be only Lilliputians on the earth.

And the conclusion of the learned statistician is irresistible, that "then the end of the world will certainly be near, for the inhabitants will become so small that they will finally disappear from the terrestrial globe."

TAKING A COFFIN ON A HONEYMOON.

CONCERNING the death of Queen Caroline, the late Dr. Lushington used to relate the following anecdote:—It was considered expedient (doubtless for political reasons) that her funeral should not take place in England, and to Dr. (then Mr.) Lushington was confided the task of conveying her body to Brunswick, to be interred in the place whence she came. The commission was a flattering one for so young a man, and doubtless carried with it some pecuniary advantages; but it came at a most inconvenient moment, for Mr. Lushington was on the point of being married. What was he to do? Decline the commission or ask leave to postpone the wedding? It was a delicate question, and one on which he felt it wise to take advice.

"By no means postpone the wedding," said the friend whom he consulted; "rather ask permission to have it hastened on. The lady you are about to marry has plenty of spirit; go and put the case fairly before her, and tell her my advice to you both is to get quietly married at once, and start next day for the Continent, taking the coffin with you. Brunswick will be simply the first halting place on your journey, and then, having safely delivered over your charge, you can go on and finish your honeymoon in Switzerland, or wherever else you please."

Mr. Lushington acted on this advice, and the suggestion was received favourably by the lady. The marriage took place, and next day the young couple started, under these most original circumstances, for their honeymoon. They travelled post, of course, relays being provided on the road; but they had not gone many stages when the sound of galloping hoofs was heard behind. A messenger from the King.

"His Majesty had received information that a most improper inscription had been placed upon the coffin. If this were true, it must at once be removed. His orders were imperative."

There was nothing for it but to stop the hearse, and take out the coffin for examination. Upon it was found a plate bearing these words: "Caroline, the much ill-used wife of George the IVth." This being evidently the obnoxious inscription referred to, the messenger at once produced his tools, wrenched off the plate, and galloped away with it to London. The coffin was then returned to the hearse, and the rest of the journey was completed without any further interruption. Many years after, Dr. Lushington was called to the bedside of a dying man.

He had something on his mind, he said, and could not be easy till he had made a clean breast of it. He was the very messenger who had been sent to wrench off the inscription, and as nobody had ever particularly inquired after the plate, he had ventured to appropriate the same, under the idea that it might some day be of value as a curiosity. Of late, however, his conscience had been reproaching him for this act of dishonesty, and he had now sent for Dr. Lushington that he might restore the stolen plate into his hands.

RELIC-HUNTING.—The custodian of what has been Garibaldi's straw-stuffed bed in Ischia, was heard to mutter, on seeing a lady carry away a few straws as a relic,

"They will do it. I've stuffed it six times already since the general died."

A TRAMP applied to a gentleman for a few pence to buy some bread.

"Can't you go into any business that is more profitable than this?" he was asked.

"I'd like to open a bank if I could only get the tools," answered the tramp.

QUITE A MISUNDERSTANDING, OF COURSE.—Box passenger: "Driver, it blows sharp up here. Quite sure you're full inside?"

Driver: "You're right, sir; it do blow sharp; and, as you're so pressin', I ain't so full but I can find room for two o' rum 'ot when we gets to the 'Hangel.' Tchk."

"POOR Herbert, how I wish you did not have to slave so from morning to night," murmured his wife, as with a fond caress she seated herself on her husband's knee, and gently stroked the grey-streaked locks from his lofty brow. And the grave, stern man of business understood her at once, and answered:

"Well, Susie, what is it, a bonnet, or what? Don't be too hard on me, for money is scarcer than ever."

THE beauties of nature are deeply studied by some. Two men last summer put up five shillings each on a wager that one could hold a wasp in his hand longer than the other. The man who rubbed chloroform on his hand expected to win, but the other man happened to know that male wasps don't sting, and accordingly got one of that sex. They sat and smiled at each other, while the onlookers wondered, until the chloroform evaporated, and then the man who used it suddenly let go his wasp. The other man got the money.

A WONDERFUL LANGUAGE.

THERE is an infinite diversity in the languages spoken by the Indians of the North American continent. Not only every tribe, but every band, of which there are sometimes fifty in a single tribe, has its own dialect. The Indians have always disdained to learn even a few words of an enemy's language. Still more curious is the fact that the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes for the last three-quarters of a century have been firm friends, camping and hunting together, and making war upon the same enemy at the same time; the children constantly romp and play together in the common camp, yet not one in ten of either tribe can hold the most ordinary conversation in the language of the other.

As a means of communication among themselves, the Indians of the West have constructed a wonderful sign-language, by which members of the different tribes are enabled to hold intercourse with each other. So complicated and elaborate is this sign-language, consisting as it does, of countless gestures and movements, the slightest variation in which marks wide differences in meaning, that only a few Indians in a tribe are complete masters of it, and the masses can only use it slightly.

The signs do not indicate letters or words, as with the deaf and dumb, but ideas. There is one sign to indicate hunger, for instance, another for summer, and so on, indefinitely. Yet an expert sign-talker can make out or interpret a long speech, which consists of an infinite number of signs, following each other with lightning-like rapidity. Two strange Indians will meet on horseback, each unable to understand a spoken word of the other, and, while holding the reins with the left hand, will converse for hours with the right, telling stories or relating their experiences without a single misunderstanding.

EVE must have felt that she had lost one of the chief joys of fresh young love when she reflected that she could not ask Adam if she was the first woman he had ever cared for.

A HUMOROUS writer thus describes how he got out of a bad scrape at the police-court:—"The next morning the magistrate sent for me. I went to him, and he received me cordially, said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and was proud of me, for I was a promising young man. Then he offered a toast, 'Guilty or not guilty?' I responded in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies I was requested to lend the City forty shillings."

A LITTLE four-year-old was taken on a visit to grandmamma in the country. There, for the first time, he had a near view of a cow. He would stand and look on while the man milked, and ask all manner of questions. In this way he learned that the long crooked branches on the cow's head were called horns. Now the little fellow knew of only one kind of horn, and a few days after obtaining this information, hearing a strange kind of bellowing noise in the yard, he ran out to ascertain its cause. In a few minutes he returned with wonder and delight depicted on his countenance, exclaiming:

"Mamma! mamma! Oh, do come out here. The cow's blowing her horns!"

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FOR

FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

During the Winter Months we propose to substitute a Football Insurance for the Cyclist Insurance which was in force during the summer season. This will remain in operation until the first week in April, when the Cyclist Insurance will be resumed. Meantime we undertake to pay ONE HUNDRED POUNDS *to whomsoever the Proprietors of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY *may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor at the time of the accident of a copy of the current number of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.*

*Signed*_____

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

269. How Much Would it Take at Contract Price to Build the Largest Pyramid?

According to Herodotus the largest pyramid, that of Ghizeh, at Memphis, occupied in its construction 100,000 men for a period of twenty years. If we were to take it for granted that the re-erection of this pyramid to-day would mean the employment of labour on this colossal scale it would follow that, before it was completed, something like one hundred millions of money would have been spent in wages to workmen alone, to which ten per cent. or so, that is, ten millions more, would have to be added for the salaries of engineers, superintendents, and others directing the labours of the mere workmen. Of course, however, the employment of modern labour-saving appliances would enormously reduce this cost. Probably two thousand men would be capable of erecting the great pyramid in five years. So the wages of men and superintendents would come out at something like £600,000. We may assume that the cost of the granite, which is estimated to weigh 6,840,000 tons, would be about half-a-crown a ton, that is to say, would come to £855,000. Presumably the requisite plant, laying of railways, tramways, etc., would cost half a million of money more. So, altogether, two millions of money would cover the whole job.

270. How did the Romans do Sums in Roman Figures? For instance, How did they Take LXXXIII. from XCVI., or How did They Divide MDCCXL. by LXIV.?

The Romans were much hampered in their progress in arithmetic by their clumsy system of notation. In common with most nations at some period of their career, they early adopted the system of counting on their fingers. It was some advance when they began to aid their reckoning by using groups of pebbles (*calculi*), which led to the construction of the *abacus*—an instrument still used in teaching the rudiments of arithmetic to infants. This was divided into spaces, which had a decimal value, so that when ten pebbles were got in any one space they were removed and represented by a single pebble in the next space to the left. The labour of counting and arranging the pebbles was afterwards abridged by drawing across the *abacus* a horizontal line, above which each single pebble had the power of five. At a later period dies made of ivory were substituted for the familiar pebbles; and afterwards the whole system was made more convenient by substituting beads strung upon parallel wires or threads. It appears, moreover, that along with the use of the *abacus*, the finger-symbolism was retained. Thus the Emperor Frederick the Second, in a treatise on the art of hawking, says that the hands must, on various occasions, be held in certain positions, such as *abacistæ* use for representing certain numbers. Now, since only one number could, as a rule, be represented at a time on the *abacus*, a calculator who was operating with two high numbers would require a *memoria technica* of both, and it would be very convenient to represent one on the *abacus*, the other on the hands. By these means LXXXIII. could be taken from XCVI., and MDCCXL. could be divided by LXIV.—multiplication being performed by *repeated additions* and division by *repeated subtractions*—a labour so tedious and disagreeable that slaves were kept in most large establishments for the express purpose of keeping accounts. It may also be interesting to note, that an instrument like the *abacus* is still in use in China, and much dexterity is shown in its use, so that in various calculations the Chinese are as swift to reach a correct result by its aid as Europeans by our system. Even so lately as the sixteenth century merchants in this country kept their accounts in these Roman figures, and many such account-books still exist. It must, however, be borne in mind that when this clumsy method was in use, the people had no large sums in arithmetic to do. They had not their bankers' clearing-houses dealing with millions of money every week.

271. Which Bird Utters the Loudest Note?

The Bell-bird, or Campanero, which is found in South America, and also in Africa. Waterton, the famous traveller and naturalist, states that it can be heard at a distance of three miles. Its note is like the tolling of a distant church bell, and is uttered during the heat of the day, when every other bird has ceased to sing, and nature is hushed in silence. How the Bell-bird utters this deep, loud note is not known, though it is supposed that a fleshy protuberance on its head, which, when inflated with air, stands up like a horn, is in some way the cause of it. The Hornbill, a bird which is widely distributed in India, the Malay Archipelago, and Africa, has also a very loud note. Its call has been described as "between the shriek of a locomotive and the bray of a jackass," and can be heard a distance of about a couple of miles. The Barking-bird also utters a very loud note; indeed, it is impossible to distinguish it from the bark of a dog. Its English name, says Darwin, is well given, for I defy anyone at first to feel certain that a small dog is not yelping somewhere in the forest. The Toucar has also the same peculiarity.

272. Is it a Fact that a Cold Winter is Usually Followed by a Hot Summer?

No, it is not. There is a curious notion, largely prevalent in the agricultural world, that an early, favourable spring and a "good old-fashioned summer," will inevitably succeed the inconveniently "seasonable" weather of the exceptional winter through which we have just passed. Like many another superstition, however, it is opposed to fact. The season which followed the memorably terrible winter of 1854-5 brought no compensating prosperity to the British farmer. One of the most disastrous seasons British agriculturists ever experienced followed the winter of 1860-61, the Christmas of which is still cited by the oldest inhabitants of this island as the coldest within their memory. And the excellent hay and corn harvests of the last two years were the sequels of winters in which the prevalence and degree of frost and cold were considerably below the average. A writer in a recent number of a French agricultural journal, quoting meteorological records from 1788 to 1880, says that ten severe winters were followed by dry, and seven by wet summers. He therefore draws the conclusion that the rigour of the winter has no influence upon the following summer.

273. Do more Births occur by Day or by Night?

There is no question that, in common with deaths, births occur more frequently by night than by day. This question has been often disputed, and was authoritatively decided by Dr. West, who kept a record of 2,019 cases which he attended, with a result that they were found to have taken place as follows:—

780	from	11 p.m.	to	7 a.m.
662	„	7 a.m.	„	3 p.m.
577	„	3 a.m.	„	11 „

In England 2,441 births occur every day, that is to say, there are 33 additions to the population for every 1,000 inhabitants. More births take place in February than in any other month in the year. According to recent calculations, the mortality of the globe is sixty-seven per minute. This means 96,480 a day, or 35,215,300 a year. The number of people who die each year is, therefore, nearly equal to the population of this country. The births all the world over are estimated to exceed the deaths by three a minute.

274. Has War or Pestilence Claimed the Greatest Number of Victims?

Pestilence unquestionably; between the years 1832 and 1873, the loss of life by war was 2,270,000, an exceptionally large one, for it included those killed in the Crimean and Franco-German wars, and also the lives sacrificed during the civil war in the United States between the Northerners and Southerners. During the same period, 1832-73, the deaths from cholera alone were 3,412,000, or fifty per cent. more than the deaths attributable to war. In 1855 there were issued by the General Board of Health of this country (the Local Government Board of that day) some tables showing the comparative loss of life by war and by pestilence, from which it appeared that in twenty-two years of war there were 19,706 slain, while in the two years 1848 and 1849, there were no fewer than 72,180 persons slain by cholera in England and Wales. The foregoing figures relate only to a portion of the earth's inhabitants, and to periods which, though distinguished by the most fatal wars of modern days, were harmless in comparison with the wholesale slaughter wrought by the hands of the savage Huns and Visigoths, who devastated Europe and Asia in the earlier days of the world's history. But in the same way the cholera epidemics of modern times were mild visitations in comparison with such ravages as those of the Black Death, which, in the fourteenth century, blotted out seventy millions of lives. A careful computation leads to the conclusion that where war has slain its hundreds pestilence has slain its thousands.

275. Which Language (Not Dialect) is Spoken by Fewest People?

In the North of Spain, at the foot of the Pyrenees, there is a little-known and peculiar nation, called the Basques, who inhabit the Province of Viscaya, and number not more than 4,000 souls. They are not under the control of either the French or Spanish Governments, but are totally independent, and differ from their neighbours in race and language. With the Laps and Finns they enjoy the distinction of being the sole race among European nations, with the exception of the Turks, that certainly do not belong to the great Aryan family; in fact, they may be said to constitute a family by themselves. Their tongue is unconnected, so far as we know, with any other existing at the present day, as it is, in all probability, the sole surviving specimen of the language spoken by the people who inhabited Europe before the successive Aryan immigrations. Some authorities consider them to be akin to the North American Indians, owing to the structure of their respective languages, in which may be traced sundry similar roots.

276. Which Foreign Country is Most Frequented by British Visitors?

France is undoubtedly the country most frequented by British visitors. Paris is always a very favourite place of resort at all times of year, while the Riviera is very largely visited in the winter and spring months. Besides this, such places as Calais, Boulogne, and Dieppe receive hundreds of thousands of "trippers" from our shores during the summer. France, too, it must be remembered, has to be credited with travellers who are on their way to Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Greece, Russia, Spain, and also those going by the overland route to India and the East. The United States of America comes next in point of importance, the yearly number of British visitors (exclusive of emigrants) being between four hundred thousand and half a million. A large number of these, however, make it part of their business to be continually passing from shore to shore, and now that the distance is covered in less than a week their number is rapidly increasing.

277. How much Land is there to every Inhabitant of the Globe?

About twenty-three and a half acres. The land surface of the globe contains, as nearly as possible, thirty-three thousand six hundred million acres, which, divided amongst the fifteen hundred million inhabitants which the world contains, according to the lastest estimates, would give to each of them the above-named quantity. Taking the entire population of the world, there are nearly twenty-nine inhabitants to every square mile. The following figures show the number of persons (omitting fractions) to a square mile in the various divisions of the globe, namely:—

	Persons to Square Miles
Europe	88
Asia	46
Africa	18
North America	9
South America	4
Oceania and Polar regions	2

278. Are all Voices, if Trained from Early Years, Capable of Singing Tunefully?

No, it is not possible to make a man sing, however much training he may receive, if he "has no music in himself." A singer, like a poet, is born, not made, and a man or woman had better not waste time in trying to sing if there is no inborn capacity revealed. I have known a girl sing far better who has never learnt even her notes and who possesses the "gift," than many who have been under English and Italian masters their lives long. It is not possible to make a singer any more than it is to make an orator. There are many of both sexes who cannot sing even two lines in tune, although they have a perfect knowledge of the elements of music. Others there are who, knowing nothing of music or singing, possess a remarkable facility for picking up lines and singing them.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from readers who have the knowledge and ability to answer them. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all printed at the rate of two guineas a column, or about fivepence a line. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday following their publication. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

301. Are persons ever born without the sense of smell?

302. Which is the stronger, the eyesight of men or of women?

303. Where is the Queen's throne?

304. When a horse is trotting, in what order do its feet touch the ground?

305. Which living British author is most read abroad?

306. Why do negroes always possess beautiful teeth?

307. Which is considered to be the finest poem in the English language?

308. Why does the stomach not digest itself?

309. What is the largest sum ever won on a single horse at a race meeting?

310. What length of time elapses before the human body, interred in the usual way in this country, completely returns to its original elements?

LOOKING FORWARD.

IN anticipation of the census-taking, on April 6th, the papers are already teeming with matter relating to the subject. We have had at least twenty articles offered to us lately, telling how the last census was taken, how the next one will be taken, and giving similar information. But we think that others are afflicting the long-suffering public quite enough in this way. In a very short time the average editor will feel it incumbent upon him to present his readers with alleged comic matter upon the subject. We therefore take the liberty of offering a short selection of material of this kind, from which a choice can be made, believing that we shall thus earn the undying gratitude of busy editors, who will be saved from racking their brains to invent suitable legends.

We commence our efforts with an item which can be advantageously wedged into any paper :—

WE (GLUMSHIRE HERALD) have received the following from a correspondent who acted as an enumerator in a mining district in ———. The schedule is closely written, without any regard to columns, and is almost completely filled. We give it verbatim—spelling and all :—

"Thomas M—— boren In ireland county of armagh Silver Brige eage 303 years To the best of my nolege i Am that eage and I am married the secent time the furst wife Mary C—— be longed to ireland in County armagh the Secent Wife be longed to County Dereay hur name was elen M'G—— Now her name is elen M—— but she run a way From me five years and 10 months since and i dont know Wheare she is or if she is Dead or not i havent hard from hur since but if she is Dead i think she wood have sent me woard before now my father was a Farmer and had a grat power of land in ireland and when I came to scotland it was A navey i was working In the Coll Pitt but sure enough i am not Working no place now for i got my lege broken 9 weeks and 3 days since gen to morrow.

"Rosey M—— my sister be longing to ireland is Marred and hur name now is Misses C—— and hur Eage is 205 years and she has Fore of a Famely the oulest Is tomas C—— 7 years of eage And Boren in ireland newery County armagh Mary C—— eaged 6 years gen the sevent day of augest Boren in ireland County of Armagh Elsie C—— eaged Fore years gen the 10t May Boren in newcastele england Clety C——eaged 1 yere and 9 month gen Saturdeay Boren in newery ireland and the father of them all is Abel C—— Born in england eaged 40 years and was a Soger and sarved his Quane and his country 201 years now is in the Pit Working and all that sins this paper is catholecks."

Our correspondent adds that, on reading the above over in the schedule, he remarked to Thomas that he had rather a large household, when he looked up quite surprised and said, "Oh, there's just meself," which, on investigation, turned out to be really the case.

The census-taker was round taking names, and pulled the bell at Bluff's, and Bluff came to the door. He was put through the usual formula, and finally the censuser asked the age of his wife.

"Can't tell," responded the husband.

"Can't tell?" echoed the questioner. "Why, don't you know?"

"Of course I do."

"Then you must tell me. The law says you must."

"The law? What law?"

"The law of the country."

"What will they do with me if I don't tell?"

"Put you in gaol for contempt."

"All right; put me in gaol."

"Why, man," exclaimed the astonished official, "you won't go to gaol and suffer rather than tell your wife's age, will you?"

"Well, yes," he said, resignedly; "I've never been in gaol, and on one occasion I *did* tell my wife's age."

"Madam," said the grateful census enumerator, "you have replied courteously and kindly to all my questions. Unlike nearly every person I have met since I began this work, you have not treated me as if I were an enemy, and an intruder. You have answered satisfactorily all the questions as to age, physical condition, and ownership of property. Your conduct meets with my hearty approval, not only as a Government officer but as a citizen, and with your permission I will ask you a question not down in my list. Are you engaged to be married to anybody?"

"I am, sir," replied the handsome widow, blushing and smiling.

"I feared so," said the census taker, with a sigh.

And he put on his hat and went out into the cold world again, his faith in human nature restored but his heart broken.

One out of many of the curiosities which might be gathered from the census reports may not be out of place here, as it is evidence of how carefully the facts are tabulated, so as to render it easy to tell the incident. There is a parish in Sussex in which there is no church and but one dwelling. In the census of 1851 it was returned as having but one inhabitant. When the census of 1861 took place it boasted eight, although no further accommodation had been erected. The matter of the increase came about thus. In 1851 the lone inhabitant of the solitary house was a turnpike-keeper, and in 1861 the pikeman was found to have taken to himself a wife, and she, with six little pikelings, had increased the return of the parish sevenfold.

"Yes," she said to the census-taker, "I shall be just thirty-five next birthday. Getting quite old, am I not?" she continued, with an arch look, and a little nervous laugh.

"Not at all, madam; getting younger, I should say."

"You're a flatterer, I think, sir."

"Well," he continued, "I only know that I took the census at this house ten years ago, and you were then exactly thirty-six next birthday."

"Ugh! you horror."

Census Enumerator: "How many children have you?"

Lady: "Two."

Enumerator: "What is the age of the eldest?"

Lady: "I have no eldest."

E.: "Well, of the youngest, then?"

Lady: "I have no youngest."

E.: "What then? Are they twins?"

Lady: "No."

E.: "I ask these questions officially, and must have a correct answer."

Lady: "Before I was married I was a school teacher, and I taught pupils that the superlative degree should not be used in comparing two things. I practice what I taught. My elder child is ten, and my younger one eight."

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

FROM the midst of a grove of palms, on the outskirts of Bombay, rise two circular towers, near which stands a large building, looking not unlike some public institution in any well-to-do city, but which is, in truth, one of the temples which seems so necessary in every Indian landscape. They are "The Towers of Silence," the Parsee cemetery or mortuary.

Directly a Parsee dies, he is brought to the temple, and then, after the other rites have been performed, the body is disrobed, and anointed with sacred oils; after that it is taken to the towers, which are about thirty feet in diameter and entirely open at the top, and there placed upon an iron grating for the vultures to come and devour the flesh. In every direction one can see the majestic palms bending low with their burdens of vultures and kites waiting for new prey; the air resounds with their hungry cawing.

While the body is being placed in position, the edge of the tower is filled with cawing, chattering birds, hungry to make the first plunge upon the victim. With one accord they dash down out of sight, and one knows by the change from tumult to quiet, that the Parsee interment is taking place.

That which but a short time ago was a human being, with hopes, and fears, and inspirations, such as still animate us who gaze transfixed with horror, is being torn shred by shred and carried into the air, to be dropped, and picked up and quarrelled over, or else to be consumed with genuine satisfaction. No sooner does a sated bird fly on lazy wings to some far-off tree-top to sleep off the effects of his gluttony, than a fresh one arrives upon the scene to carry on the hideous work. Others brush down upon us, the living, and brush our very faces with their noisome wings.

Beside us stand some Parsees, who watch the circling birds with loving interest, and our guide tells us that they frequently stand and watch them till they know their dead to have been consumed. As soon as the birds have cleaned all the flesh from the bones, these are dropped into a well at the bottom of the towers, where they are covered with quicklime and consumed. The tower is then flooded and deodorised, and so, it is claimed, there is no taint in the air; but anyone having the sense of smell unblunted, feels that this statement is not founded upon truth.

NATURALISTS say that a cockroach has 3,000 teeth. What an awful time the baby cockroaches must have when teething.

HE: "Then you'll not accept my suit, Miss Stuckup?"

She: "Thanks, no. It's rather too pronounced a pattern, and I've no grown-up brothers it would fit."

"YOU must always," said a butter dealer to his assistant, "put in a couple of sheets of paper when you weigh. Customers will think you neat and cleanly. They don't like to have their butter slopped on to a scale that, for all they know, has never been washed. And besides, there's a good profit in buying paper at a halfpenny a pound, and selling it for fifteenpence.

"JOHN," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman to his man, "are you a Christian?"

"Why-er no, sir," replied John.

"Do you ever swear."

"I--I'm sometimes a little keerless like in my talk."

"I am sorry, John," rejoined Mr. Goodman. "But we will converse about this some other time. I wish you would take this money and settle this bill of four pounds for thawing out a water pipe, and talk to the man in a careless kind of way, as if it were your own bill."

TO LOVERS ALL.

AS announced previously, we are anxious to give some loving couple a start in housekeeping. Thousands of young people are longing in vain to taste the joys of matrimony, but are forced to wait while savings slowly accumulate until they reach a figure which enables married life to commence amid fairly comfortable surroundings.

Pearson's Weekly advances to the rescue of these fluttering hearts. Any pair of lovers who resolutely set to work, and interest their relatives and friends in their efforts, can, at no expense to themselves, have a try for this prize.

We will give A HUNDRED POUNDS *to an engaged couple who are anxious to be in a position that enables them to set up house-keeping without further delay.*

The absolute *bona fides* of this offer is shown by the following letter from the Rector of the parish in which our offices are situated :—

Rector's Vestry, St. Clement Danes, W.C. Jan. 27th 1891

My dear Sir:

I have much pleasure in acceding to your request which has no other object than the benefit of society. Will you therefore kindly notify in your next issue of "Pearson's Weekly" that you have forwarded me a cheque for £100 which I shall hold in trust until your "Engaged Couple" competition is at an end, when I shall hand it over to the winners?

Believe me, dear Sir,
Yours sincerely,
J. J. H. Septimus Pennington,
Rector of St. Clement Danes
Westminster

To the Editor of "Pearson's Weekly"

No hard task is set those who wish to relieve the Rev J. J. H. Septimus Pennington of the £100 which he holds.

The coupon which is printed below will appear in each of the next seven issues. The money will be given to the couple on whose behalf we receive the greatest number of coupons.

The following are the conditions that must be observed. Any infringement of them will disqualify candidates :—

Not more than one coupon of those sent in on behalf of a couple from any one issue must be filled in by the same individual. We wish this competition to be the means of making the paper more widely known, and therefore have laid down the regulation that *every person who fills in a coupon shall have bought from a newsagent or bookstall the copy from which it was taken*

This is to prevent any fairly well-to-do person from buying up the paper in large quantities, cutting out the coupons, and getting friends to fill them in.

We have no wish to sell a few thousands extra a week in this way, but we want to induce people to inquire widely for *Pearson's Weekly*.

Careful inquiries will be made before the prize is awarded, with a view to finding out whether these conditions have been complied with.

Begin sending coupons at once, and thus enable us to announce the result promptly.

Write plainly in either pen or pencil. Be careful to fill the coupon up properly. Mark envelopes containing coupons with the word "engaged."

Do not be afraid that by sending coupons early you run any chance of their being mislaid. The greatest precautions will be taken to prevent this, and early receipt will enable us to check the numbers and make inquiries as the competition proceeds, instead of delaying matters while we do so at its close.

No members of the staff, nor any of their relatives or intimate friends, may compete.

The Editor reserves the right to arrange any dispute that may arise, and his decision must be final.

At the beginning of next year we shall hold a similar competition, and another will take place every succeeding year.

The coupon below has already appeared three times.

ENGAGED COUPLE COUPON.
February 28th, 1891.

I .....

Address .....

.....

Have bought a copy of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *of above date at*

.....

(*Here place name and town of newsagent or bookstall.*)

And declare that I should like £100 *to be given to*

Miss .....

Address .....

.....

AND

Mr. .....

Address .....

.....

OUR READER'S LETTER BOX.

A WORD TO MINISTERS.

BY A MINISTER.

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—It has occurred to me that ministers of the Gospel—a position I have the honour to hold—occupy a splendid vantage ground to promote pure literature. My impression is that we, as ministers, are too tardy in using this position to advocate what is ennobling, elevating, and true, in reference to books, periodicals, etc. The Pulpit, I take it, ought to prove a trustworthy, helpful guide to our people in the matter of the Press.

Not only is it our duty to denounce reading matter of a demoralising tendency, but also *point out* and *commend* that which is the opposite. I don't believe we should act wisely in alluding to impure books, etc., by name. The curiosity of the people thereby would be excited to procure those very books, and so the result would be to defeat our own ends. Many of my ministerial brethren—to their credit be it said—are in the habit, at the beginning of each year, of speaking from their pulpits a few helpful words to their congregations as to their choice of papers, magazines, etc., for the year.

I confess to being among the *defaulters* in this respect up to last year, and, fearing that some of my brethren have not yet adopted the good custom referred to, I write this letter humbly calling their attention to the matter. At the commencement of this year I tried to emulate the brethren to whom I have just alluded, and recommended from the pulpit some magazines, periodicals, etc., which commended themselves to my mind.

You may be pleased to know, Mr. Editor, that your excellent paper, *Pearson's Weekly*, figured prominently among the recommended ones. And, in order to make up somewhat for my past neglect in this direction, I inserted a few notes to the following effect in our local magazine for January :—

"Our young people and older people, too, evince a desire for a paper where they can find the amusing, entertaining element judiciously blended with what is ennobling and elevating. To such we can, with the greatest confidence, recommend *Pearson's Weekly*. This is a marvellous pennyworth, with nothing that is degrading, but filled with a mass of matter of the most interesting and instructive kind."

I greatly admire the thoughtful and generous act of one of your readers in ordering a thousand copies of your paper, the other day, to be distributed in Pengo. Unfortunately, our incomes as ministers will not allow us to show our appreciation in a similar manner; but I venture to suggest the possibility of our doing a great deal on the lines indicated, and sincerely trust my brethren will take the hint.—Yours faithfully,

9, Llewelyn Street, THOMAS RICHARDS.
Rhondda Valley,
Wales.

LIGHTLY GUARDED PRISONERS.

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

SIR,—Your correspondent G. T. R., who described the difficulty of getting a man executed in Monte Carlo, reminds me of the curiosities of prison life in Montenegro, a place where I lived between 1882 and 1887.

In the principal street of Montenegro you find the prison. It has no windows, and the door is a permanent aperture, without means of closing it. The prison system is as odd as the prison.

A malefactor is ordered to lodge himself in the abode of culprits, and he goes there. He has no special guards—the community watches over him. He receives no food, but the Government gives him three halfpence a day to purchase all necessaries. Under the circumstances it can be imagined that, unless succoured by his family, he can scarcely live luxuriously.

Unaccompanied by any guard the prisoners go daily to water the Prince's garden and take his horses out for exercise. They gallop about for a couple of hours, and then, having put the beasts in their stables, return to their uncomfortable quarters.

A condemned person does not on that account by any means forfeit his claims to public confidence. One example will suffice to show this :—

A short time before the declaration of the last war a commercial house in Trieste notified the Prince that a cargo of ammunition had arrived at Cattaro, but could not be delivered until its price, 90,000 francs, had been paid. The steamer would leave in three hours after the receipt of the dispatch, and, under ordinary circumstances, six hours at least are required for the journey to Cattaro. Unless redeemed at the time, there would be a delay of many days in delivering the cargo.

The authorities bethought themselves of a heinous criminal, an individual with chained ankles, who, for the crime of murder, was undergoing an exceptional punishment.

In order to prove an alibi, he had, after his crime, traversed an extraordinary distance in an incredibly short time. The idea struck the authorities that the man might be useful under the circumstances. Among these mountains a man on foot moves more quickly than on horseback.

"Can you carry these 90,000 francs to Cattaro in three hours?" the man was asked.

"Certainly," he replied.

He started, the sum was duly delivered, and, having brought back the receipt, the man returned to his unbarred prison.

In another country it is more than probable that under the circumstances both prisoner and money would have disappeared. But in Montenegro the case is different. Love of country is the predominant passion, albeit that the country is not worth much. It is so small that the criminal cannot hope to escape detection, and he cannot endure the idea of perpetual ostracism.—Yours truly,

Melton Mowbray. PETRARCH.

LIVING CLAIMANTS TO THE BRITISH THRONE.

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—In respect to the above question, I happen to know that in the neighbourhood where I recently lived there resided—and perhaps resides now—a lady of the same name as our Queen. She is called Caroline Guelph, and claims royal descent. I cannot of course guarantee that her statements are correct, but she says she is a daughter of George IV., and was born in Germany, the issue of a morganatic marriage. Caroline Guelph was brought as a baby to London, and placed out to nurse with a Mrs. Panton, who resided in the Old Kent Road.

The old lady does not appear to have received a large dowry upon being confided to her unknown nurse's hands, and when I heard of her last, which was about three years ago, she was not living in very luxurious circumstances. She was always very glib concerning royal and aristocratic personages, and was a close student of the Peerage.

I should be very much interested in knowing whether my royal acquaintance still survives, and if so, how she is situated, as I cannot now remember the house and road in which she had apartments.—Yours very truly,

Bristol. AN OLD PECKHAMITE.

WAX-WORKS WANTED.

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—It has occurred to me that a great deal might be done by the authorities in our provincial towns by providing entertainments for the exhibition of wax figures. I do not mean simply a show that comes and goes, but an institution, such as a museum, where the different wax representations may be always on view, and to which additions may from time to time be made.

This form of entertainment would be a great deal more interesting and instructive to the young and old of both sexes than the collections of antiquated bones and stones with which so many of our local museums are filled. As an educator of youth wax exhibitions are invaluable.

They "teach the young idea how to shoot" by stimulating a desire for information on historical and social subjects, far more than any picture gallery of old masters can ever do.

I would certainly debar from the exhibition anything tending to create a morbid taste or a prurient curiosity. We do not want ourselves or our children to become familiar with the criminals of our age; rather let us take a live interest in the "men of mark" who, either in politics, law, literature, or social life, have exerted an influence upon the human race.

The popularity that from the day of Mrs. Jawkins has attached itself to waxworks is a proof of how keenly appreciated these shows would become if undertaken by a responsible authority.—Yours sincerely,

Wolverhampton. WAXY.

For all letters published we pay at the rate of two guineas a column or about 5d. a line. Senders of letters should, therefore, enclose name and address. It must please be understood that we do not identify ourselves with opinions advanced on this page. They are those of the writers of the letters; we merely exercise supervision over the general nature of the correspondence.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

THE Queen of Roumania works a typewriter.

THE favourite dish of the Emperor of Germany is sardines.

APROPOS of the article on page 507, the Pope's favourite indoor pastime is billiards; outdoor, bowls. In the former he is so expert that the Cardinals consider it a great feather in their caps to beat him.

THE Marchioness of Lorne, like many other ladies in high society, smokes cigarettes. The same is said of the Princess of Wales and her daughters, especially the Princess Maud. They do it in the belief that smoking helps the digestion of food.

SIR THOMAS MCILWRAITH, when Prime Minister of Queensland, seriously proposed to abolish capital punishment. An amendment was proposed to transfer the punishment from murder to the offence of importing a live rabbit. When one considers that it costs the adjoining colonies £250,000 a year to keep down the rabbits, and that it is estimated that many million pounds sterling have been lost through the ravages of this pest, it is not to be wondered that the crime of introducing this pest is looked upon with such horror in a pastoral colony like Queensland.

MR. W. T. STEAD, the indefatigable ex-editor of the P. M. G., has a son, sixteen years of age, who is a famous shorthand writer and typist. Mr. Stead dictates a great deal of "copy" to this youth, who evidently was born with a drop of ink in his blood. Like Wellington, the proprietor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS has trained himself to place "nature's soft nurse" within call. I have known him, when making an all-night sitting correcting proofs, leave his desk and, improvising a table as a couch, rest his head on a handbag, and sleep the sleep of the just for the space of half an hour, waking to his labours with refreshed and invigorated mind.

IT is a popular misconception that Lord Randolph Churchill is a remarkably short man. As a matter of fact he stands about five feet nine inches. His lordship is much more popular with the "rads" than his speeches in the House would lead an outsider to suppose. He has a charming wife, and a little boy who is very apt at making pertinent remarks—in fact, is quite "a chip of the old block." Lord Randolph has lately been coquetting with the turf, and although he has not found it a very profitable undertaking, it has proved to him a decidedly enjoyable one. He is very much in demand when house parties are being made up for the big race meetings.

THE Duchess of Montrose possesses a charming retreat at Newmarket, called Sefton Lodge, which is fitted up in luxurious style, and lighted by electricity. A large glass-house has of recent years been added to the abode, and stocked with magnificent palms imported from Cannes. The house overlooks the training-grounds, and the Duchess can watch the form of her horses from her bedroom window. The training stables lie farther up the road, and here have been housed some of the finest sires and mares which of recent years have helped to make the history of the turf. Her Grace's stock would at the present moment, if sold, realise something between £30,000 and £50,000.

THE Marquis of Hartington, apart from debates, is the most taciturn and reserved member of the House of Commons, while Sir John Puleston is the most loquacious. The handsomest man in the House is Mr. Cyril Flower, while the ugliest requests me not to publish his name at present, as he is in controversy with another M.P. respecting his claim to the title. The biggest bore is Mr. Conybeare. Colonel Malcolm, the member for Argyllshire, is the tallest member. He stands six feet five and a quarter inches in his stocking feet. Sir Rainald Knightley and Mr. Whitbread run him very close. The shortest member is Mr. C. T. D. Acland, the representative of Launceston, who is slightly topped by Mr. Allanson Picton and Mr. Arthur L. Brown. Mr. Isaac Holden, the Bradford cotton-spinner, is accounted to possess the largest income in the House.

A FRIEND of mine, who, with Mr. Gladstone, formed one of Lord Brassey's guests on a yachting trip to Norway some years ago, tells me a funny story concerning the Grand Old Man. It is a curious instance of the reversal of the phrase that a prophet, or for the matter of that a politician, is "not without honour save in his own country." On the arrival of the yacht in port, the natives, who were awaiting the distinguished visitors, began to crowd upon the vessel on the look-out for the Parliamentary lion. When, however, Mr. Gladstone, having anticipated a right royal reception, and prepared a few well-chosen words with which to make reply, advanced to meet the hospitable oncomers, he found that another and more entertaining rival already held the field. Mr. Gladstone had been momentarily forgotten in their eager contemplation of a real live monkey. "We can see an old gentleman like Mr. Gladstone any day," said the Norwegians, "but we never saw a monkey before."

POPULAR PAPERS—NO. VIII.

CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL

For the Homes of the People.

AT the foot of Ludgate Hill, on the left-hand side as one looks towards St. Paul's, is an archway, beneath which runs a passage only just wide enough to permit a waggon to squeeze through. This narrow pathway leads to a spacious courtyard, round which lofty buildings are piled.

It is La Belle Sauvage Yard, the headquarters of the great publishing house of Cassell & Co., Limited, a firm whose name is known in every household throughout the kingdom, and whose publications take almost every imaginable form, except that of the daily newspaper.

When I called to have a chat with Mr. Ernest Foster, the editor of CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL, I was shown upstairs to a long passage, on each side of which are rooms occupied by the editors of Messrs. Cassell's various periodicals, and by the heads of different departments of the business. Mr. Foster began his business life early, for, though still a young man, he has been connected with Messrs. Cassell & Co. for two-and-twenty years. At first he belonged to the general editorial staff. In 1880 he assumed the editorship of that best of all magazines for the young—LITTLE FOLKS, which he still retains, and in 1887, CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL was placed under his control. He has also found time to write some books for boys, which have had a large sale.

From what Mr. Foster told me, the paper seems to have "growed," like Topsy. It was brought out in October, 1883, and was evolved from the many active brains that are ever working in the interests of the great firm to which it belongs.

Just at this time the demand for popular reading matter began to make itself felt. The Education Act of 1870 was bearing fruit, and there was a great output of readers from the Board Schools, which all over the country were educating those who hitherto had remained untaught.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. had no weekly paper, and it was felt that, with their unrivalled facilities, a weekly, planned on popular lines, could be issued from La Belle Sauvage Yard with almost the certainty of success.

So CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL made its appearance, and received such a favourable reception that its prosperity was never for a moment in doubt.

For four years the paper went along on similar lines to those pursued by others. Prize competitions of various kinds were devised to attract new readers. A good deal of space was devoted to special subjects, such as chess; in short, the journal was conducted after the plan of several papers which attained a certain degree of popularity about that time.

However, it was felt that a re-construction on more original lines would be likely to lead to better results, and, after many earnest consultations, the form in which the paper is still continued was determined upon. Its size was increased from sixteen to twenty-four pages, illustrations were introduced, and the editor received instructions to use whatever means suggested themselves to him towards turning out an interesting periodical.

This change had an immediately beneficial effect upon the circulation. It increased very largely at once, and it has now nearly trebled itself. Ever since the alteration was effected it has grown steadily, and this in spite of the fact that the introduction of the new form saw the entire discontinuance of the prize-giving system, which in those days was thought well nigh essential to the success of a paper of this kind.

Great reliance has been placed upon strong serial stories. The advisability of publishing serial stories in papers of this sort is a point upon which opinions differ very widely. No doubt to do so spoils what may be called the casual sale. A man who wants something to read for half an hour in the train, will not purchase a paper in which a large amount of space is occupied by an instalment of a novel. But, on the other hand, the periodical which makes a speciality of serials, secures a regular *clientèle*, which is very gratifying. The sale remains steady, and is not affected by season, by stirring events, or by other contingencies.

In making a special feature of serials, it was wisely determined to engage the services of the best authors in this branch of literature. To write a serial story which will be a success in such a paper as CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL, is not by any means a thing that every popular novelist can do. Something more than good style and a clever plot is required.

The great difficulty lies in sustaining the interest in such a manner that while each instalment of the story does not end in the regulation "penny dreadful" fashion (this sort of thing—"the cruel eyes peered closer into Lady Alicia's, the murderous clasp of the left hand round her slender throat tightened, the glittering blade was raised on high, and then, with one swift plunge—" *to be continued in our next*) the reader is left in a state of expectation which makes him look forward eagerly to the next number.

Authors who write serials for CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL are always requested to submit the plots of their stories, and from these it is easy to judge at once whether strong situations abound sufficiently to ensure the occurrence of at least one of them in each instalment. Among the writers of serials for the paper, Frank Barrett, Richard Dowling, J. Berwick Harwood, George Manville Fenn, Florence Warden, F. W. Robinson, and Julian Hawthorne may be mentioned.

Another very prominent feature of the journal has been its complete stories, occupying from two to three pages. Perhaps the most popular of them appeared under the general heading, "Strange Doings in Strange Places." These were contributed by the best people, and were no doubt helped considerably by the title, which was a particularly happy one, and lent itself very well to advertising purposes.

The plan pursued with these stories was to write to well-known authors inviting their contributions, and placing no restrictions whatever upon them, except that the tales must keep to the central idea, and must contain nothing questionable. In most cases of this kind the use of the story for CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL only was acquired.

Mr. Foster told me that he finds the short stories by far the most difficult feature of his paper to keep up to the standard. He is no believer in legends of bygone ages, but pins his faith upon stirring melodramatic tales of modern life and adventure. He has gradually managed to surround himself with a very capable staff, and always endeavours to see a synopsis of the plot of a story if possible.

This plan is of great value in preventing the trouble of reading stories which clash with others that have appeared or are on the stocks. Odd coincidences, however, are apt to occur in this respect. Not long ago the plot of a story was sent in by a regular contributor to CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL. It was to be told in the first person by a lady, and its central incident was to be a marriage in mid-ocean. While this tale was being written, a complete MS. dealing with exactly similar incidents, and told in the first person, was submitted by a stranger; and hardly had the regular contributor's tale been published when another periodical printed a story, by Clark Russell, with a marriage in mid-ocean as its principal incident, thus causing a double coincidence.

The series of articles entitled "Representative Men at Home" has been very much liked by readers of the JOURNAL. These papers are written by members of the staff, and are accompanied by illustrations reproduced from photographs or sketches taken on the spot. Some rather funny incidents have happened in connection with the series.

One well-known public man gave his consent to the appearance in the paper of an interview with him, and writer and artist travelled down to his place accordingly. But when it came to the point he shirked. Feeling, presumably, that in departing from his promise he was acting rather shabbily, he offered their usual fee to the two gentlemen who had made a fruitless expedition on his account. The offer was, needless to say, politely refused.

On another occasion a high dignitary of the Church agreed to give an interview, but when the time came he utterly repudiated his word, and would have nothing whatever to do with the representatives of the paper who waited upon him.

"True Tales of London Streets" has been another successful series. The often-told mystery of the Haunted House in Berkeley Square was written up for it. The result of the appearance of this article was that the Countess who owns the property wrote stating that the generally accepted tale was all a myth, and published in CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL the true story of the mystery.

"Undercurrents of London Life" have all been written by one journalist. His subjects are given to him by the editor, and he works them up in the manner that seems best. Often he finds it necessary to disguise himself, or to be accompanied by a detective, and he has had some very strange experiences in his quest for out-of-the-way information upon subjects dealing with the low life of the Metropolis.

A series of articles under the heading, "How it is Done" has been running for a long time. Dealing with institutions, manufactures, trades, and employments, these papers give an insight into subjects which are of interest to everybody. They are commissioned, and, as in the case of the "Representative Men at Home" series, artist and author work together.

So far as the general articles are concerned, the objects always kept in view are that they shall be of a chatty, anecdotal nature, dealing particularly with subjects of present-day interest, and that all matter which savours of the British Museum shall be rigidly excluded.

"Everybody's Business," as the replies to correspondents which close each issue are headed, is written with the idea of making every answer interesting to all readers. Each of the various sections into which this department is divided receives the attention of a specialist.

Like other editors, Mr. Foster has some very curious questions laid before him. This is the latest instance of the kind: "My cat has produced a kitten with two heads. Which mouth ought I to feed?" Seeing that the JOURNAL goes to press some ten days in advance, there was plainly not much use in attempting to give this correspondent any hint as to the best course to be pursued under the unusual circumstances in which he found himself placed.

An original and very successful way of advertising CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL has been found in the giving away of supplements. These have taken the form of complete novels of special interest, presented in a couple of detachments of twenty-four pages each with the first two numbers of a new volume. They have, uniformly, been found to give a great impetus to the sale, and a great many of the new readers thus gained have continued to invest in the paper. The most striking stories "thrown in," so far, have been "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Mauleverer's Millions," by Mr. Wemyss Reid, and "Dead Man's Rock," by "Q."

Putting aside these special spurts, the circulation is, as I have said, remarkably steady. Since the enlargement it has been always on the increase, and it rises considerably at the beginning of the year and in April and October, when serials commence. It is easy enough to understand why there should be an increase with the opening chapters of a new continued story, but the cause of the rise with the New Year is not quite so apparent, unless one adopts Mr. Foster's theory, which is that, among their New Year's good resolutions, a large number of people make up their minds to begin taking in CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Besides the two long serials that appear in the course of each year, three or four shorter ones are published during the twelve months, and the commencement of every one of these is the sign for a well-marked increase in circulation. The paper is perhaps more popular in the north of England than in any other part of the kingdom. The enormous reading constituency there has been very carefully worked by Messrs. Cassell's numerous representatives with most satisfactory results.

Humorous illustrations have been quite one of the strong points of CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL since its enlargement. The artists who do most in this way are Fred. Barnard and J. F. Sullivan. A page of illustrations from the pen of the latter has become a regular and much appreciated feature. The number of artists who have the knack of putting so much real humour into a few strokes of the pen as J. F. Sullivan does, is extremely limited; and in a very different style Fred. Barnard is quite as successful.

The front page of each number always bears an illustration of some striking scene in either a serial or a complete story, and great care is exercised to ensure this picture being as attractive as possible. A facsimile of it appears on the weekly contents bill. These illustrations are by well-known artists; and, in addition to them, an outline half-page picture by Mr. Alfred Johnson appears in every number.

The great success that CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL has achieved is due to sheer merit. It is conducted in a quiet, steady fashion, which in these days of rush and turmoil is positively refreshing. Periodicals with not one quarter of its circulation make more to-do. But in this case it is safe to prophesy that slow and sure will win. CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL is a paper which enters a house to stay, and no periodical of the day has a better prospect of permanent popularity.

This series has already comprised—No. 1. TIT-BITS. No. 2. THE EXCHANGE AND MART. No. 3. THE WAR CRY. No. 4. THE STAR. No. 5. THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER. No. 6. THE DAILY CHRONICLE. No. 7. THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.

IT is proposed to cover the entire City of Buenos Ayres with one colossal umbrella, several miles in superficies; and the umbrella is to be drained into the Plate. Happy Buenos Ayres! Were we to try such a thing here, somebody would borrow the umbrella.

RATHER AMBIGUOUS.—"I see by your sign that you are a dispensing druggist."

"Yes, sir."

"What do you dispense with?"

"With accuracy, sir."

"I was afraid you did."

CLERGYMAN: "How is Brown getting on since he failed in business? Rather down-hearted, I suppose?"

White: "No, I think not. The last time I saw him he was looking up and trying to be hopeful."

"Ah, I'm glad to hear that!"

"He was trying to drink from a jug."

HERR GOETZE, the tenor, had to travel from Cologne to Frankfort, and appear the same evening in "Lohengrin." He just arrived at the wings in time to "go on." After vanquishing the villain who aspersed her he embraced the Elsa of the occasion. As he did not know her, he whispered while holding her fondly in his arms,

"Allow me to have the honour of introducing myself to you. My name is Goetze, of Cologne."

"CAN THE LEOPARD CHANGE HIS SPOTS?"

No, nor man his nature. The trappers of the Far West often marry among the Indian tribes with whom they are thrown in contact. But the experiment is seldom successful.

Marrying into an Indian tribe assures the white man an immunity from danger which he could not otherwise secure. Though he is not considered one of the band, he is in a measure attached to it. His relation is that of a mortgage to a house, whose owner can't discharge it. In the event of a difficulty between his people and his tribe he remains perfectly neutral, taking care to keep out from between them. When trouble looms up he packs his traps and removes until it is over, and then returns with a Rip Van Winkle-like yawn, wondering what has happened in his absence.

It is this position that has made him an object of some suspicion among the whites and Indians where neutrality is an unknown force. He is on either side in a *fracas*, a situation more unfortunate than to be with the defeated, among a people who take a hand in everything. He may be brave, but he is circumscribed, bound down by his domestic relations, but powerless for action.

According to prairie law it is disreputable for a white man to abandon his dusky wife until she has grown too old to work for him. Then he may send her back to her tribe if he so elect. The obligation upon the wife is different. She must not desert the husband for another white man, but she may leave him for another Indian who wants to marry her, provided she has no children. If a squaw desires to abandon her husband, the Indian of her choice must pay back the price originally paid to her mother. He may abate no jot or tittle, and it is in such payment that the divorce is perfected.

She then becomes a single woman, free to marry, but she cannot live near her former husband. She must move away with her new venture. Such divorces are not infrequent. It is a difficult thing for a squaw to perfectly adapt herself to her white husband. He may be of the kindliest disposition, but his ways are not as her ways, and though she struggle with all her strength to draw her existence closer to his, she cannot make him one of her kind, and she drifts away from him. The birth of children directs her thoughts into a new channel, and lessens the chasm between them; but without them he has but little hope of keeping her to himself. Sooner or later she will find her affinity.

PROGRESSIVE LOVE-LETTER WRITING.

New Eden, Feb. 10, 1890.

MY ANGEL,—I am in Paradise! The thought of you is a constant source of delight. I never knew what it was to be happy before; but now the whole world is running over with joy. Everything speaks to me of *you!* Since we parted I have seen your face everywhere—in dreams, in the sky, in the trees, in the flowers. The birds sing your name, and the wind whispers it in the grass. Oh, my darling, I have found heaven at last, and you have led me into it. How I long to hear your voice again, to look into your eyes, to clasp your hand. Believe me, there is not a moment of the day when your image is not in my thoughts. How shall I manage to exist until we meet again? Do you think of me always, love, as I think of you? I know you do. And now farewell for a few hours. A thousand kisses, sweet! Do not fail to answer all my letters promptly.—Your devoted, faithful lover,

CLARENCE.

New Eden, Feb. 12, 1890.

SWEETEST,—I have just received your letter—the very breath of your presence in it, the delicate perfume of violets! How good of you to write so soon. I dreamed of you all last night, and I am dreaming of you now. The fellows laugh at me for my absent-mindedness. What do I care? I have something better to think of than logarithms and Greek roots. But I must study a bit, I suppose, or our secret will be suspected. So, good-bye for now. I enclose a leaf from the inmost heart of a rose. Kiss it for me, as I have kissed it for you.—For ever, your

CLARENCE.

New Eden, Feb. 15, 1890.

DARLING,—You are too unkind. I know that I have missed a day; but examinations are close at hand, and those two weeks, while we were finding our heaven, have made such a gap in my work. You say that I love you less than "my nasty old books." That is just like a girl. Why can't your sex have a little common-sense? But there goes the bell.—Hastily,

CLARENCE.

New Eden, Feb. 20, 1890.

MY DEAR JESSIE,—Why can't you keep your temper? I have not been lecturing you, and I have not neglected you. One charge refutes the other. I simply asked you to have a little charitable common-sense, in view of the hard work that is crowding on me just now. Of course, I am just as fond of you as ever I was; but I can't write love-letters and grind mathematics at the same time, and no reasonable girl would expect it. You know that I love you. Why should you insist upon my repeating it every *single* day?—Lovingly,

CLARENCE.

New Eden, Feb. 25, 1890.

MY DEAR MISS NORTHCOTE,—I am sorry you feel as you do. I thought you truly loved me. Love is always willing to make sacrifices. Besides, a man cannot give up his *whole* time to sentiment. It is different with women. This is a fact which you do not seem to have taken into consideration at all. I shall have more time after the present week, and will write you at length my views upon this subject. Then, perhaps, you can consistently claim that I am lecturing you!—Ever sincerely,

CLARENCE.

New Eden, Feb. 27, 1890.

MISS NORTHCOTE, DEAR MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge receipt by Parcel Post of the package containing ring, letters, photograph, etc. I return, also by same means, like articles of yours in my possession. Kindly acknowledge upon delivery, and oblige, yours respectfully,

CLARENCE MURCHISON.

RESCUED FROM WANT.

ABOUT six months ago a burglar was caught while emerging from a splendid mansion that had been closed during the family's absence abroad. As it was necessary for the owner to identify the valuables stolen, the cracksman was lodged in gaol to await trial. The other day the house-owner returned, and was immediately sent for to identify the prisoner.

Entering the burglar's cell, the millionaire was greeted by the burglar, who said:

"Glad to see you, sir. I have been awaiting your return in order to secure my release."

"Well, I like consummate impudence," said the plutocrat.

"Allow me to explain," said the burglar. "When I entered your residence I discovered two gas jets burning. Careless servants, I suppose."

"Yes, I know," groaned the rich man. "I've just got the bill."

"Precisely," continued the burglar. "They had then been burning only one week, mark you."

"You turned them off?" gasped the millionaire, growing pale.

"I did," said the robber, solemnly. "It is true I carried off a couple of thousand pounds' worth of nick-nacks and plate, but what of that? Suppose that gas had been left burning until *now?* What would your position be? Ruined—going through bankruptcy—beggared! Is it possible you can prosecute a man who has saved you from poverty?"

"Never! never!" cried the millionaire, bursting into tears.

And to-day the burglar walks the streets with his head erect, one of the most prosperous and respected thieves in our midst—which is saying a great deal, gentle reader, saying a great deal—for gas bills.

THE SEVERITY OF MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

THERE is a fine ring of the best English spirit in the sentence of Gittins: "A soldier ought to fear nothing but God and dishonour." And there is the true French wit and insight in that of Helvetius: "Discipline is but the art of inspiring soldiers with more fear for their own officers than they have for the enemy." In the Prussian army, till 1870, marriages were legally null and void in the case of soldiers marrying without royal consent, or of subordinate officers without the consent of the commander of their regiments.

In the English army the inability of privates to marry before the completion of seven years' service, and the possession of at least one badge, and then only with the consent of the commanding officer, is a custom so entirely contrary to the liberty enjoyed in other walks of life, that, whatever its incidental advantages, it can scarcely fail to act as a deterring motive when the choice of a career becomes a subject of reflection. There has been no tyranny in the world, political, judicial, or ecclesiastical, but had its parent and pattern in some military system. It has been from its armies more than from its kings that the world has learnt its lessons of arbitrary tribunals, tortures, and cruel punishments.

The Inquisition itself could scarcely have devised a more excruciating punishment than the old English military one of "Riding the Wooden Horse," when the victim was made to sit astride planks nailed together in a sharp ridge, and of rough resemblance to a horse, with his hands tied behind him, and muskets fixed to his legs to drag them downwards; or, again, than the punishment of "The Picket," in which the hand was fastened to a hook in the post above the head, and the man's suspended body left to be supported by his bare heel resting on a wooden stump, of which the end was cut to the sharpness of a sword point.

The punishment of "Running the Gauntlet" (from the German *Gaussendaufen*, street running, because the victim ran through the streets between two lines of soldiers who struck him on his course) is said to have been invented by Gustavus Adolphus. Many of the devices by which this indifference to life has been matured and sustained are curious. In ancient Athens the public temples were closed to those who refused military service, who deserted their ranks, or lost their bucklers; whilst a law of Charondas of Catana constrained such offenders to sit for two or three days in the public forum dressed in the garments of women.

Many a Spartan mother would stab her son who came back alive from a defeat; and such a man, if he escaped his mother, was debarred not only from public offices, but from marriage, exposed to the blows of all who chose to strike him; compelled to dress in mean clothing, and to wear his beard negligently trimmed. And in the same way a Norse soldier who fled, or lost his shield, or received a wound in any save the front part of his body, was by law prevented from ever afterwards appearing in public.

When the catapult was first brought from Sicily to Greece, King Archidamus saw in it the grave of true valour, and the sentiment against firearms which led Bayard to exclaim, "It is a shame that a brave man should be liable to be killed by a wretched bullet!" was one that was traceable even down to the last century in the history of Europe, for Charles XII. of Sweden is declared by Berenhorst to have felt keenly the infamy of such a mode of fighting; and Marshal Saxe held musketry fire in such contempt that he even went so far as to advocate the re-introduction of the lance, and a return to the close combats customary in the earlier times.

The long hours of sentry duty, popularly called "Sentry go," constitute the soldier's greatest bane. Guard duty in England, recurring at short periods, lasts a whole day and night, every four hours of the twenty-four being spent in full accoutrement in the guard-room, and every intervening two hours on active sentry, thus making in all—sixteen hours in the guard-room, and eight on the sentry post. The voluntary sufferings of the saints, the tortures devised by religious orders of olden days, or the self-inflicted hardships of sport, pale before the two hours' sentry go on a winter's night. This it is that kills our soldiers more fatally than an enemy's cannon, and is borne with more admirable patience than even the hardships of a siege. "After about thirty-one or thirty-two years of age," says Sir F. Roberts, "the private soldier usually ages rapidly, and becomes a veteran both in looks and habits;" and this distinguished military commander points to excessive sentry duty as the cause.

MARY ELLEN CHASE says, "There will be three women to one man in the dim future." Then there will be two women out of every three that will be mighty lonesome, and don't you forget it, Mary Ellen.

PROUD DAME: "I do not see how you could think of marrying into such a commonplace family as that."

Romantic Daughter: "Oh, I'm not going to marry into his family; he's going to marry into our family."

A FURNITURE dealer seized upon a woman's baby for a debt of three pounds, but after keeping it two days he was glad to give his debtor five pounds to relieve him of his charge. A baby who can't make life miserable for two or three persons will die very young.

WIFE (looking up from a book): "What do you think of this? 'In the time of the Ptolemies a wife was always given full control of her husband's property.'"

Husband: "Y-e-s; but in those days the fashions never changed."

"I SAY, waiter, are you positive that this is wild duck I am eating?"

"Oh, yes, sir; so wild, in fact, we had to chase it a good quarter of an hour round the back yard before we could catch it."

WHAT IT COSTS.—The nine numbers containing the series can be obtained from this office, post-free, 1s. 1½d.

NO. 1.—TO RUN A LINE OF STEAMSHIPS: *Some Interesting Facts about the P. and O. Fleet.*

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FACTS.

This year is the centenary of the "chimney-pot."

The theatres of London regularly employ over 1[illegible],000 people.

Russian bears and wolves destroyed last year 500 horses, more than 1,000 oxen, and over 4,000 other domestic animals.

Among the public-houses in London there are no fewer than sixty-four "King's Arms," eighty-three "Crowns," and forty-seven "White Harts."

Dublin began life as a colony of Bristol, to which place it was useful as an emporium of slaves and other articles looked upon, even in the tenth century, as contraband in more civilised ports.

The total mileage last year of all trains in the United Kingdom amounted to more than 300,000,000, the passenger trains running over 161,000,000 miles, and the goods and mineral trains 139,000,000.

A peculiarity about "1891" is that adding the first figure to the second makes the third, and subtracting the fourth figure from the third gives the second. Adding the four figures together gives us the number of the century.

A new use is reported to have been discovered for hops—namely, the curing of bacon. It is found that a sprinkling of hops in the brine when bacon and hams are put in pickle adds greatly to the flavour of both, and enables them to be kept an indefinite period.

The legal element in the House of Commons consists of thirty-six Q.C.'s, fifty-nine barristers, and twenty-seven solicitors, making a total of 122—nearly one-fifth of the House. These figures do not include the Home Secretary and the various law officers of the Crown.

The New Argentine Pacific Railroad from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes has on it what is probably the longest tangent in the world. This is 211 miles without a curve. In this distance there is not a single bridge and no opening larger than an ordinary culvert, no cutting, and no embankment.

An ingenious person suggests that the fog of London might be got rid of by manufacturing currents of air, which would disturb and destroy the great mantle of smoky vapour that settles so lethargically over the metropolis. The currents would be created by several blow-off streams of air, worked by steam power, in various parts of London.

Men who find that their trousers wear out at the heel have now a means of preventing this. An ingenious person has invented a "Trouser Bottom Protector," which clips on to the bottom of the trousers at the heel and protects them from mud, fraying, and wear. It is said to entirely do away with the picking up of mud which rots the cloth so fatally.

A Bird that Shaves.—Man is said to be the only creature that shaves. But this is not so. A South American bird called the "Mot-mot" actually begins shaving on arriving at maturity. Naturally adorned with long blue tail feathers, it is not satisfied with them in their natural state, but with its beak nips off the web on each side for a space of about two inches, leaving a neat little oval tuft at the end of each.

Iron in the Air.—A learned Danish professor has come to the conclusion that every year the weight of the earth is augmented by the falling on its surface of metallic iron in very fine powder, and that this iron, which comes to us from shooting stars, falls almost continually, sometimes alone, and sometimes mixed with rain or snow. In all snow he found iron in appreciable quantities, and in a state of fine subdivision. He has in this way procured material enough to form a small charm which one of his friends wears attached to his watch chain.

Grouse.—It has been ascertained that in some seasons as many as 7,000 brace of grouse reach the London market in one day, and that of single birds the supply for days in succession runs from 3,000 to 8,000. The prices obtained usually range from 8s. 6d. to 9d. for single grouse, the birds being sold by the retail poultry dealers at sums varying from half a sovereign to half a crown each. As no official statistics are to be had of the grouse or other game birds which are annually killed, it is somewhat difficult to arrive at any reliable estimate of the total number; but at least 500,000 of these birds are yearly shot on the Scottish grouse-moors.

What it Costs to Stop a Train.—It is not generally known what loss of power is involved in the starting and stopping of an ordinary train. About twice as much power is required to stop a train as to start one, the loss of power depending upon the momentum. A train going at the rate of sixty miles an hour can, by means of the Westinghouse air-brake, be stopped within 120 yards of the first application of the brake. Now as much power is thus lost as would have sufficed to carry this same train fifteen miles over a level surface. First, there is the momentum acquired by the train flying at a high rate of speed; then the loss of steam in applying the brakes; and lastly, but not least, the extra amount of coal used to compensate for all these losses.

The robin and the wren are the only birds that sing all the year. All other birds have periodical fits of silence.

According to a Belgian *savant*, a man attains his maximum weight about his fortieth year, and begins to lose it towards his sixtieth year. A woman, however, does not attain her maximum until about her fiftieth year.

The time a medical student has to spend in college before obtaining his degree, is—Austria, five years; Belgium, eight; Canada, four; Denmark, seven; England, four; France, four; Holland, eight; Hungary, five: Italy, eight; Norway, eight; Portugal, five; Spain, two; Sweden, ten; Switzerland, eight; and the United States, two or three.

Different Thermometers.—"A thermometer is not without honour save in its own country," quotes a French paper, and proves it thus:—In France the thermometer in use is that of Celsius, a Swede; in Germany and Russia, that of Réamur, a Frenchman; in Britain and America, that of the German Fahrenheit; while the Swedes disown their countryman, and are guided by that of Leslie, a Scotchman.

The Bridal Wreath.—Much uncertainty exists as to why the orange blossom has been so much worn by brides, but the general opinion seems to be that it was adopted as an emblem of fruitfulness. According to some authorities the practice has been derived from the Saracens, amongst whom the orange blossom was regarded as a symbol of a prosperous marriage; a circumstance which is partly to be accounted for by the fact that, in the East, the orange-tree bears ripe fruit and blossoms at the same time.

Cotton in the Holy Land.—Will the Holy Land become a competitor with the United States, the West Indies, and Africa, for the supply of cotton to Europe? The culture of cotton is successfully under way in the most southerly portion of the semi-tropical Jordan valley, and several fine plantations are said to be flourishing in the vicinity of Jericho. It is thought that with the projected opening up of Palestine by railways, a large aggregate of area wil e devoted to the culture of cotton in the land where, in olden times, "fine linen" was perfection in the clothing line.

Diamond Cutting.—Diamond cutting is a very slow and tedious operation, sometimes taking many weeks and even months to finish. The stone is first chipped off, piece by piece, until it is nearly the required size. It is then fixed upon a steel spring, by means of melted lead, and the lead is allowed to solidify. This spring is then pressed down until the stone reaches a swiftly revolving steel wheel, upon which there is a quantity of diamond dust, called "bort." By the constant grinding of the stone against the bort, a smooth plane or face is formed. This is diamond cutting. The operation must be repeated for each face.

A Nest in a Skull.—Many are the out-of-the-way and strange places selected by birds in which to build their nests. They have been found in castaway boots and hats, under railway sleepers, and in divers unexpected situations: but the most extraordinary place of all is the interior of a human skull. The skull was that of a Kaffir. In South Africa decomposition soon takes place, and in a short time the bones would bleach and fall to pieces. One portion of the skull had fallen away, exposing the hollow cavity of the head, which a pair of wagtails, in search of a sheltered and cosy place, selected for their nest.

Mammoth Masonry.—The greatest piece of solid masonry of modern times is now in course of construction in the Bombay Presidency. As there was danger that the water supply of the city of Bombay would soon become insufficient, it was decided to enclose the water-shed of the valley, which drains to the sea south of the city, by means of a dam. The gigantic structure, which will be completed next month, is two miles long, 118 feet in height, and 103 feet wide at the base. The roadway on the top is to be twenty-four feet in width, and the stonework will cost half a million sterling. The lake of water which the dam will imprison will be eight square miles in area.

The Chilly Chinese.—The methods which the Chinaman adopts to defend himself against cold are not without a certain value as aids to the reading of his mind. We put wooden floors in the rooms of our houses for others to walk on as well as ourselves. A Chinaman puts a two-inch sole on his shoe, and thus makes sure of having a piece of floor under his own feet. If driven by the cold to the use of fuel, he does not light a fire for the sake of the family at large, but puts his red-hot charcoal balls into the metal vessel which he uses as a footstool, and into the smaller ones which he carries in his capacious sleeves for the warming of his hands. A Chinaman naturally portly is a sight in the cold season; while a little child clad in his winter clothes becomes a most comical object. He cannot get his arms down to his sides; they stick out horizontally; and should he fall, he is as incapable of getting up again as an overturned turtle. However, he is Chinese, not British, so he wastes no strength in vain struggling; he lies where he falls, calmly and contentedly, with his four limbs in mid-air, till some passer-by thinks it worth while to pick him up.

A young lady has succeeded her father as registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, at Penzance.

If a Chinaman saves a man's life, he is compelled by law to support him; the result is, that drowning folk often perish within sight of help.

Almost in the exact geographical centre of Wyoming, U.S.A., is a mountain of solid hematite iron ore, with 600 feet of it above the ground, more than a mile wide, and over two miles in length.

During the last years of his life Browning is said to have made as much as £2,000 a year out of his poems. Mr. Swinburne has for many years past made an average income of £1,000 per annum; whilst Lord Tennyson, it is said, has for at least seven years past been drawing an income of over £6,000 a year from his muse.

How to see a Bullet's Flight.—By saturating the bullets with vaseline they may be easily seen in their course from the rifle to the target. Their trajectory course is marked by a beautiful ring of smoke, caused by the vaseline being ignited on leaving the muzzle of the gun, the smoke being suspended for some time in the air if not too windy.

The Largest Cabbage Farm in the World.—The most extensive cabbage farm in the world is near Chicago. It consists of 190 acres in the "cabbage district," as it is called, which comprises 2,500 acres of rich heavy soil, especially adapted to cabbage culture. It requires 1,114,000 plants to set the 190 acres, and, counting those used in resetting, 40,000,000 for the whole district under cultivation. The bulk of the crop is sent south in box-cars to supply a demand that exists after the consumption of the southern crop, which, owing to the climate, cannot be stored.

What Britons Can Do.—India is a wonderful example of the energy and enterprise of the British race. At the begining of the last century, before the British became the ruling power in India, the country did not produce £1,000,000 a year of staples for exportation. During the first three-quarters of a century of our rule exports slowly rose to about £10,000,000 in 1834. Since that date, the old inland duties and other restrictions on Indian trade have been abolished. Exports have multiplied by sixfold. In 1880 India sold to foreign nations £66,000,000 worth of strictly Indian produce, which the Indian husbandman had raised, and for which he was paid. In that year the total trade of India, including exports and imports, exceeded £122,000,000.

Will Cuba Break in Two?—The startling discovery has been made that Cuba is cracking—not simply cracking, but bursting wide open. Numerous fissures in the earth have appeared in many widely situated localities, but particularly near Matanzas. One of these enormous cracks is nearly eleven miles in length, and has actually broken a mountain chain asunder, leaving a wide gap, which, but for the fact that the fissure seems without bottom, would form a splendid roadway, making the rich plantations in the valley beyond at least fifty miles nearer Lathios, the nearest port, which is now reached by rounding the spur of the mountain. Some of the cracks and openings within sight of this place are 600 to 1,000 feet long, twenty four to fifty feet wide, and of unknown depth.

The Territorial Losses of Turkey.—In 1711 the Ottoman Empire possessed more territory in Europe than any other power except Russia, her possessions extending westward to the Adriatic and the Danube, and eastward to the Dniester, the Dnieper, the Don, and the Kuban. Thus Bessarabia, the Crimea, and other Mongolian regions were under the dominion of the Turks, whose possessions on the Continent of Europe covered an area of 15,454 square miles. Upon the eve of the war with Russia, Turkey had only 9,456 square miles of territory, of which 2,948 miles were governed by princes who merely owed her suzerainty. The Berlin Treaty deprived her of 4,558 miles, so that from 1700 to 1878 the Ottoman Empire lost in Europe 10,666 square miles, out of which 8,902 were conquered by Russia. After the war of 1877-78, Russia annexed 468 square miles in Asia Minor, and 167 in Europe, while Austria annexed 1,073 (Bosnia and the Herzegovina), and Britain 174 (Cyprus).

Lighting Gas Without a Light.—The gas can be lighted by frictional electricity, excited by a lady's ordinary fur muff. Thus—place four tumblers upside down, on them lay a board or other substance to stand upon, within reach of the burner. Upon this insulated board let a person stand, and a second person take the muff and rub it a number of times down the coat of the first, by which he or she (if it be a lady with a woollen shawl) will become charged with electricity sufficiently to light the gas with the tip of the finger as effectually as if done with a match. To perform the experiment will require three persons, one to turn on and off the gas, for if it is done by the person insulated and charged he will not only receive a shock, but discharge the electricity before applying it to the gas. A number of persons can participate in the amusement at the same time by insulating themselves and joining hands. Let the friction of the muff be applied to the person farthest off the burner until all become charged, and the person at the other extreme can light the gas, all feeling a sensible shock at the time of ignition.

FICTION.

His First Case.—"Birdie," exclaimed the youth, "listen to me."

William Erskine Bumblebee rose to his feet and spoke with all the earnestness and self-possession that two years of unremitting study for the practice of law can confer upon a young man of good natural ability.

"Birdie," he said, with vehement voice and sweeping gesture, "this is the first disagreement we have ever had. I ask you the simple, plain, categorical question: 'Will you be my wife?' and you answer, 'No.' That raises an issue at once. My asking you, of course, implies an intention on my part to make you my wife. Your answer is an obstruction, an obstacle in the way of the carrying out of that design or intention on my part. It is in the nature of a demurrer, yet it is not in suitable form. It is inoperative and void. Now, if not in proper form, nor based on sufficient grounds, as I shall show by unquestionable authority, it follows that——"

"But, William," interposed the amazed young woman, "have I not the right to——."

"The question of rights in this matter," said the young man, severely, "comes in afterwards. I have the opening. You can be heard later on. The case, as I understand it," he continued, knitting his brows and raising his voice, "may be stated thus: we hold a conference this evening, here, by appointment, in this parlour, which parlour your father, John Abraham Snaggsford, built, or procured the building of; he, the said John Abraham Snaggsford, knowing that it was not improbable that such a conference as this might be held here from time to time, he being the father of eight unmarried daughters.

"Very good; we meet here. I asked you a direct question in the course of this conference. I came here to ask that question. It is a matter of record. You did not take any exception to it as a question; you did not object: you merely answered 'No.' I immediately take exception to your answer. I object to it," pursued Mr. Bumblebee, who was now talking at the top of his voice, "as not being the proper form of answer. I raise the point that it should have been otherwise, and the authorities will sustain me—"

"No, they won't," roared old Mr. Snaggsford, as he burst into the room. "The authorities won't do anything of the kind, young man. The authorities," he vociferated, catching Mr. Bumblebee by the collar, and propelling him rapidly towards the door, "decide that this parlour wasn't made for bellowing young squirts who think themselves lawyers to do their practising in! Get out of here!"

And with the energetic assistance of Mr. Snaggsford, freely and ungrudgingly rendered, William Erskine Bumblebee got out of there. His first case had been a failure.

A Fortunate Resemblance.—A printer, while passing a chemist's shop, heard a gentleman remark to the owner that he was the exact picture of Charles Dickens. The printer saw at a glance that the chemist was flattered, and immediately settled upon a plan by which he would be relieved of the painful necessity of "coaxing the barmaid."

Pretty soon the printer returned, and, stepping into the chemist's, said to the proprietor:

"Excuse me, sir, for addressing you, but in passing your place I could not help but notice a striking resemblance between you and the late famous Charles Dickens, whose manuscript I have many a time set up. The sight of your face in a moment turned upon me a flood of recollections in relation to the great novelist."

"Won't you be seated?" asked the druggist.

"No, I am in something of a hurry to get a pint of real whisky for an ailing friend."

"I have a very fine whisky here, sir. We are obliged to keep the very best for medicinal purposes."

"Yes, but as my finances are low, or rather exhausted, I am compelled to get it where I am known. Up the street there's a publican who gives me credit."

"I can let you have it on the same terms," said the chemist, smiling in recollection of his resemblance to Dickens. "I never have any misgivings in regard to a man whose face bears, as yours does, the true indications of honesty."

The printer secured the whisky, and when he reached the squalid room where he lived with another printer and a shoemaker, he related his experience, when they all agreed that a rich mine had been discovered.

For several days the first printer secured the whisky, and then the second went round and was struck with the resemblance. Finally, the shoemaker's turn arrived. He was drilled carefully by the printers, and cautioned, on account of his neglected literary training, not to make any ventures.

"Oh, I can manage it," said the shoemaker. "Give me the bottle. I'll get the best he's got."

He went to the shop, and nodding to the proprietor said:

"Well, sir, it's mighty strange, but you are exactly like Dickson."

"Like whom, sir?"

"Dickson, the bookbinder. Don't you know him?"

"No, sir, I don't."

"It's very strange. My pals have been coming round here for some time talking to you about Dickson and getting the whisky, but, when I come, you don't know anything about it. Fill up this bottle anyhow. I don't want the others to have the laugh on me."

The chemist took the bottle, and moving about among different jars filled it, while a revengeful twinkle danced in his eyes.

When the shoemaker returned to the lodgings, the printers complimented him on his success, but shortly afterwards, when they were writhing in mortal agony, as the chemist's concoction got in its work, they reviled the chemist and his resemblance to the great literary master, and bitterly repented their evil ways.

The Red-Headed Baby.

Oh! fair is the face of the red-headed baby,
Her velvety cheeks show the June rose's dyes,
And her eyes are so blue that I sometimes think, maybe,
They caught their bright hue from the blue of the skies
When the angels were bringing her through in the morning,
For she came as the sun from the ocean arose,
And his beams to the streams gave a golden adorning,
And the song birds awakened the world from repose.

She had a red head, but I hardly think that'll
Detract from her beauty in any one's eyes;
Her smile is like sunshine, like music her prattle,
There ne'er was a baby so pretty and wise.
Her lips are twin rosebuds, and 'twixt their red portals
Two snowy white pearls are revealed to the view;
Her mamma declares she's the sweetest of mortals,
The red-headed baby whose eyes are so blue.

She never excited my temper's caloric
By screaming and bawling with anger or fright;
I never was called on to bring paregoric
To sooth her to sleep at the dead of the night;
I never was waked in the cold winter season
To sing to that baby while walking the floor;
No, never, indeed, for a very good reason—
The darling belongs to the people next door.

First Novice: "See those funny little caps that the jockeys have on? What are they for?"

Second Novice: "I fancy they are the handicaps."

Chickering: "Some of the new houses in our street are so narrow that a piano can't be put in."

Baus (excitedly): "You don't know the rent of the houses next door to them, do you?"

Charlie: "Clara, did poor little Carlo have a pink ribbon round his neck when you lost him?"

Clara: "Yes, the little dear. Have you seen him?"

Charlie: "No, not exactly; but here's a piece of pink ribbon in this sausage."

A contemporary tells "How to get Rich," and the first direction is, "Live up to your engagements." We know a man who lived up to his engagement, and now he has a family of seven, a threadbare suit, a shilling in his pocket, and nothing in the bank.

Emotion and Business.—A new assistant in a chemist's shop was discharged the other day because he didn't know how to look wise, roll his eyes and say, "A shilling please," without turning red in the face, as he handed out a little powder that had cost the concern about a farthing. Emotion and business don't mingle.

"At the beginning of the British occupation," writes Mr. Mallock, in his work, "In an Enchanted Island; or, A Winter's Retreat in Cyprus," "the Archbishop of Nicosia came to the authorities and inquired, with perfect gravity, if it were really possible that he would be expected to pay his taxes. The answer, of course, was 'Yes.'

"'Very well,' said the Archbishop, in a tone of obstinate meekness; 'then you expect something of me I am unable to do.'

"Asked what he meant, he replied, 'I meant simply this—that my lands are assessed at four times their actual value.'

"'Indeed,' said the authorities, 'if that is the case, we will have your lands revalued. But we have gone by the assessment left us by the late Government, to which it appears you have never taken exception. Can you kindly explain this to us?'

"'Eh,' said the Archbishop, 'but that is easily explained.'

"The Turks, it appears, had assessed him at this really exorbitant figure with his own consent, but on the distinct understanding that he was never to pay a penny. Then, when any of the Greek peasantry grumbled, the officials would be able to say, 'Look at your good Archbishop! What are your burdens to his? And yet he never makes a murmur!'"

Popular Natural History.—No. 2.

The Financier.

What is this?—This, darling, is a financier.

What does a financier do for a living?—He finances.

What is it he finances?—Finance.

Oh, that is very funny, isn't it?—Very.

But what is really his business?—Managing other people's money.

But does he never manage his own?—Oh, yes.

When?—When he has finished managing other people's.

Then whom do the poor neglected people get to manage their money?—Nobody.

Why?—Because they have no money left to manage.

Why? Where did it all go?—That is what they would like to find out.

Do they never find out?—Hardly ever.

But how, if the poor financier spends all his time managing other people's money, can he make any money himself?—That is what he is trying to find out.

He? Who?—The Public Prosecutor.

Will he have much trouble in finding out?—That depends.

On what?—The evidence.

Gracious! Do they bring the poor financier to trial?—Sometimes.

What for?—For financiering.

But is it a crime to manage other people's money, even if it generally gets managed into a hole?—Certainly not.

Then what is all the fuss about?—To try and manage some of it out of the hole.

But why didn't the poor financier manage his own money in the first place, and let other people's alone?—Because he had none of his own to manage.

But you said that after managing other people's he managed his own.—Yes.

How then did he make it?—That is what they would like to know.

Who?—The other people.

But did the poor financier make much out of the management?—Yes; about that much.

About how much?—About as much as the other people put in.

Dear me! financiering must be a very profitable profession?—It is.

Are there many financiers?—Lots.

What do they do after they have made their money?—They salt it.

Why do they salt it?—Because the people they made it out of were too fresh.

But I should think they would take little trips abroad, and holidays, and all that sort of thing?—They do, generally.

But you spoke of financiers being tried.—Yes.

Are they ever convicted?—That depends.

On what?—The amount of money they managed.

How if the amount be very, very large?—They are never tried.

How if it be moderately large?—They are tried.

And sentenced?—Oh, no!

But if the amount be only large?—They get six months.

Six months' what?—Holiday.

Where?—In Spain. There's no extradition treaty with Spain.

But how if the amount be small?—They get twenty years.

Where?—At Dartmoor.

A farmer at Dorking, having read in a poultry journal that "hens having dark plumage lay earlier and more frequently than those of a light colour," immediately went to work and dyed seventeen white hens black.

Awestruck Visitor: "It must be very difficult to produce such an exquisite work of art."

Von Dauber: "Nonsense. Almost anybody can paint a picture; but finding a victim to buy it after it is painted is where the art comes in."

A lawyer caught a tramp in his office stealing some of the law books, which the latter intended to pawn. Seizing the intruder by the collar, the lawyer exclaimed, "You scoundrel. I'll have you tried and sent to gaol."

"Let go my neck, old man. If you are going to have me tried, I suppose I'd better engage you as my lawyer, as you have the luck to be at hand."

Extract from a Modern Novel: "She had thrown her heart at his feet, only to be rejected. What greater punishment can any woman have to bear?" Well, he might have picked up her 'heart', carried it home, and given it to his dog. Or he might have put his foot upon it and gr-r-round it into the dust. Or, worse still, he might have lifted it up tenderly, placed it in his coat-tail pocket, married her the next day, and made her work in a tie factory, while he fooled away his time and money at races and billiards. That would have been something like punishment.

HOW A POPE IS ELECTED.

THE death of a Pope is unquestionably one of the most important single events which can take place in our day. This is due to the fact that he is the head of a church which nominally includes more than half of Christendom.

But its chief importance arises from the uncertainty as to the Pope's successor. There is no such uncertainty as to any other position of like dignity. The heirs to the European thrones are all members of certain families. The future rulers of the great Republics will be chosen from one of the great parties. Of the successor of Leo XIII., on the contrary, we can say nothing more definite than this, that he will be one of a body of some fifty or sixty men, and in all probability an Italian.

If the choice should fall upon a man of great force of character, joined with strong convictions and great executive ability, the conduct of affairs throughout the world might be profoundly affected. This uncertainty it is the aim of the rulers of the church to maintain. All the laws governing the election of a new Pope are intended to secure to the electors an absolute freedom of choice. When they meet for the purpose of election they are actually imprisoned, and are allowed only restricted intercourse with the outside world until their choice is made.

It may be added that the uncertainty is intensified by a veto power which the governments of France, Spain, Portugal, and Austria severally have, and which they occasionally exercise. Either one of these powers may exclude one candidate from the papal throne.

From ancient times the right of electing a Pope has rested with a body known as the Sacred College, consisting of the Cardinals, the highest dignitaries of the church.

The number of Cardinals by long usage is limited to seventy, in imitation of the seventy elders appointed to assist Moses in governing the people of Israel. As a matter of fact the College is never full.

At the moment of the death of the Pope the Cardinal Camerlengo, or Chamberlain, is summoned to his chamber. Taking a small hammer, he strikes three times upon the forehead of the dead man. At each stroke he calls him by name—not by the title by which he is known to the world, but the name, we might almost say, by which he is known to his Maker. "Joachim Pecci!" the Camerlengo calls, thrice; and, receiving no answer, he draws from the finger of the dead Pontiff the Ring of the Fisher and retires. This ring is a signet, bearing a representation of St. Peter drawing a net with fishes from the water, and is presented anew to every Pope.

Ten days must elapse between this event and the meeting of the Sacred College. This is in order to permit Cardinals living at a distance to reach Rome in time to take part in the election of a successor. The interval is devoted to celebrating the funeral ceremonies, and to making preparations for the coming Conclave, as the session of the Cardinals is termed. These consist principally in arranging for the transaction of the business of the Church during the interim, and in selecting certain officers, servants, and workmen who are to attend to the wants of the Cardinals during their seclusion.

At the first of these preliminary meetings the Cardinal Camerlengo produces the Ring of the Fisher, and solemnly breaks it before the assembly, as well as the moulds of the seals which are affixed to the papal bulls.

Meanwhile, a wing of the Vatican is made ready for the use of the Conclave. All but one of the doors leading into this part of the palace are walled up with masonry. The windows are treated in the same manner, with the exception of the topmost panes, which are covered with white curtains. Temporary cells, or chambers, are constructed for the members of the College, so arranged as to be not unlike some hospital wards. On the afternoon of the tenth day, after a solemn religious service in the Sistine Chapel, the Cardinals retire to their cells. They are accompanied by a great crowd of relatives, friends, distinguished strangers who may chance to be in Rome, the ambassadors of the Catholic powers, and the leading Roman clergy and nobility. It is the last opportunity which the Cardinals have to receive private communications, and the time is chiefly spent in discussing and promoting the claims of prominent candidates for the papal throne.

An hour and a half after sunset a bell resounds through the crowded corridors and cells. Half an hour later a second is heard. At the end of three hours it is rung a third and last time, and the master of ceremonies appears, ringing a small bell, and crying, "Out all!"

Upon this, all except the Cardinals and their attendants hasten out of the single open door, which is immediately locked with four keys, two of which are kept inside and two outside, and the Conclave has begun.

From this time no one can leave the enclosed part of the palace, except in case of extreme illness, and no one can enter except a Cardinal, accompanied by his two, sometimes three, attendants. All communications to or from the conclavists pass through the hands of and are read by, certain officers. The food, which each Cardinal receives from his own house, is carefully searched for hidden letters before it is passed through the "rota," or turnstile. The Cardinals are allowed to receive visitors at stated times, but an iron grating separates them, and all conversation must be carried on in a loud voice.

At nine o'clock on the following morning the members of the Sacred College assemble by themselves in the Sistine Chapel for the election. Around the front walls of that part in which stands the altar, are arranged the thrones of the Cardinals in the order of their rank. Each throne is surrounded by a canopy, to which a cord is attached, by means of which it can be lowered instantly. Fronting these are tables, on which are materials for writing and sealing the ballots.

In the centre of the space are six more tables similarly furnished, while before the altar is a table on which are two silver bowls to contain the ballots. Upon the altar itself is a communion service, the chalice being covered by the paten.

There are, according to M. Barbier de Montault, a chamberlain of Pius IX., eighteen different modes of election, four only of which need be mentioned.

The first is the method of "inspiration" or acclamation, in which the Cardinals spontaneously and unanimously designate their choice. In this manner twelve or fourteen Popes, including the famous Hildebrand, Gregory VII., have been elected.

The second method is by "compromise," in which the Cardinals, when a choice by the whole body seems to be impossible, select one or more of their number to name the Pope.

The third and ordinary way is by ballot. When the chapel has been carefully searched, to see that none but the Cardinals are actually present, three of their number are chosen by lot as inspectors of the ballots, and three to receive the votes of the sick or infirm who may be detained in their chambers.

The senior Cardinal-bishop, the dean of the College, then takes a ballot to the table in front of the throne.

It is a paper about eight inches long by four wide, divided into five sections. In the first he writes his name, and folds it over the second section so as to conceal the writing, and seals it at both ends. In the middle section he writes the name of the Cardinal for whom he votes.

In the fifth section he writes an arbitrary number and a device, commonly a sentence of Scripture, folds this upon the fourth section, and seals it at either end. The ballot is then folded in the middle.

Each Cardinal in the order of his rank follows the example of the dean of the College; though, if any are afraid of being overlooked, they take their ballots and prepare them at one of the central tables. Then each, beginning with the dean, holding his ballot on high between his thumb and finger, so minute are the rules, goes to the altar, and, kneeling, takes this solemn oath:

"I call to witness Christ the Lord, who will be my judge, that I choose the one whom, before God, I think ought to be chosen, and that I will do the same at the accessit."

He then puts it upon the paten and drops it into the chalice. When all have voted the inspectors take the ballots, and, unfolding them, read simply the name of the person voted for, the Cardinals at the same time marking a list prepared for the purpose.

If, as is ordinarily the case at first, no person has received the necessary two-thirds of the votes of the Cardinals present, the ballots are immediately mixed with some damp straw and are burned. The dense smoke, which escapes through a pipe into the open air, reveals to the people, who are gathered in vast numbers at every point from which the Vatican can be seen, the fact that there has been no election. Day after day, morning and evening, when there is delay in the choice, the people eagerly watch for the appearance of the smoke.

The session of the Conclave ends at the burning of the ballots, only one vote being taken at a sitting. From eleven until half-past five the Cardinals pass the time as they please, receiving visitors, walking in the court of the Conclave, and making the combinations from which the election will eventually result.

At half-past five the Sacred College reassembles in the Sistine Chapel for a second vote. If from the result of the morning's ballot it should appear that a person would be elected who was objectionable to one of the four great Catholic powers, the Cardinal who represents that power will now formally exclude that candidate in words spoken according to this form. "The imperial and royal court of Vienna cannot accept for sovereign Pontiff his Eminence Cardinal Severoli, and to him award a formal exclusion."

In these words Austria prevented the election of Cardinal Severoli in 1823, while Spain exercised the same power in 1831. This, as we have already said, makes it almost impossible to foretell the result of an election, as the intention to exclude is kept a profound secret until the moment it is pronounced.

At this time the fourth method of election, the "accessit," may be adopted. This involves simply a change in the ballot, all the other formalities being the same as before. A ticket is used upon which a Cardinal may write the name of anyone who has received one or more votes at the previous balloting, he himself not having voted for him.

When it is at last announced by the inspectors and the revisors that a Cardinal has received the requisite two-thirds vote, and it has been determined by examination that he has not voted for himself, as in that case the election would be void, the ballots are again immediately burned.

But this time the smoke is not allowed to escape into the air, and, the appointed hour having passed without its appearance, the watching crowds shout, "The Pope is elected!"

At the same moment a bell is rung, and certain officials of the Conclave are admitted. The senior Cardinals of each of the three orders immediately go to the throne of the Cardinal elected, the dean saying to him, "Do you accept your election, canonically made, to be Supreme Pontiff?"

As soon as his consent has been manifested, all the canopies, save that of the newly-elected Pope, are lowered. The dean then asks by what name he wishes to be known.

Up to 1009 the Popes retained their baptismal names. That year a person was elected whose name is said to have been Peter; and not deeming any man worthy to bear the name which Christ had given to His Apostle, he took that of Sergius IV. Since then all the Popes have imitated his example by choosing some other name, though not for the same reason.

When the name has been officially recorded, the Pope retires behind the altar, where he is clothed with the pontifical vestments. Returning to his throne, after blessing the Cardinals, he receives their homage. On their knees they kiss his foot and hand, and on rising receive from him the two-fold kiss of peace. Some Popes have used this moment for designating to the Cardinals the offices to which they intend to appoint them.

With the putting on of a new Ring of the Fisher, the Conclave closes. The workmen, meanwhile, at the first news of the election, have been busily removing the masonry which has closed a window opening upon one of the great balconies. As soon as this is done, one of the Cardinals appears in the balcony and says to the expectant people:

"I make known to you a great joy; we have a Pope, the very Eminent and Reverend lord (Giovanni Maria, Archbishop of Imola, of the title of Saints Peter and Marcellin, Cardinal-priest of the holy Roman Church, Mastai Ferretti), who has taken for name Pius XI.)."

The people respond with joyful shouts. The soldiers drawn up before the palace discharge their muskets; the drums beat a salute, the trumpets are blown, the guns of the Castle of St. Angelo are fired, and all the church bells announce to the expectant world that a Pope has been chosen.

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Signature .....

OUR PRIZE STORY.

The following story, sent by

Mr. JOHN KELLY,

354, Blarney Street,

Cork,

is the best received. We have therefore forwarded him a cheque for Two Guineas.

A VALUABLE JEWEL.

A good many years ago now, I was playing high comedy characters at the old Princess's, and as I had been working very hard I set off for the south of France as soon as the season closed. It happened that a friend of mine called Turenne wanted a good diamond for a purpose I needn't trouble you with; and before I set out on my travels I told him that if I met with a particularly fine one at a moderate price I would buy it for him, and he, being too busy at the time to attend to the matter himself, gladly consented. I was staying at Nice, when there came to the hotel one of those tall loquacious Americans who are now so plentiful all over Europe. There seemed to be nothing objectionable about the man, except that he was vulgar, and eternally talking about the U-nited States.

On the evening after his arrival a few of us happened to be sitting in the billiard-room, and by some chance or other the conversation turned on the subject of diamonds.

"I don't know much about the business myself," said the American, "but I'm told by good judges that thar's about as good a stone as you'll see in a day's round."

So saying, he drew a ring from his finger and handed it to me, who happened to sit next him. It was, indeed, a magnificent brilliant, set in a ring of peculiar pattern.

"What is it worth?" asked one of the men present.

"That I can hardly tell you," answered the American, "seein' a friend at Buenos sent it to me direct, and I had it cut myself. But I'm tired of it and seldom wear it."

"Would you sell it?" I inquired, out of curiosity.

"I might," answered the American, "especially as this European trip is cleaning me out faster than I expected; and I don't want to go home to Vermont skinned as neatly as a cod. Yes, you may have that diamond for eighty pounds of your money, stranger, and dirt cheap at that, I should say."

I looked at the stone again, and the longer I looked at it the more I liked it. Eighty pounds was quite as much as my friend wished to pay for a stone, but what if I could get one for him worth a hundred for eighty pounds?

"Will you trade?" he asked.

"I am not a judge of diamonds myself," said I, returning the stone to its owner. "I'm afraid I couldn't buy without taking a lapidary's opinion as to its value."

"All right," said the American, carelessly, "if you care to hev it we can go round to a jeweller's in the morning. And if he puts a lower value on the stone than I did, you can hev it at the price he names, if you like to buy. I can't say fairer than that."

The offer did, indeed, seem a fair one, and I went to bed that night determined to secure the jewel for my friend, if the expert reported favourably of it.

Next morning the American and I strolled down to the shop of the chief jeweller in the town, and when we entered the place I first of all paid my footing by purchasing some trifle, and then, taking the ring from the hand of my new acquaintance, I placed it before the jeweller and asked him to give me an opinion as to its value.

"I do not often buy such large stones, but I will give you two thousand five hundred francs for this one," he finally said to the American.

The Yankee did not reply; and the Frenchman, assuming that his offer was accepted, placed the ring on a little ledge behind him and opened his desk for his cheque-book.

"Not so fast," said Brother Jonathan, "the diamonds are not for sale."

"Two thousand six hundred francs," was the Frenchman's reply.

The American s'hook his head.

"Seven hundred—eight hundred."

"No!"

"Nine hundred—three thousand francs! That is my last offer. Pause, I beg of you, monsieur, before you refuse it. It is a large sum—three thousand francs," and, as if he were convinced that no one could refuse such a price, he put the stone once more among his treasures, and again turned round for his cheque book.

"Thunder!" exclaimed the Yankee, "what do you take me for? I tell you I can't and I won't sell you the ring. It was as good as sold to this British gentleman last night, and it isn't mine to sell any more."

So saying, the American took the ring rather sharply from the jeweller's hand and replaced it on his finger. The Frenchman next made me an offer for the trinket, but as I had not bought it for myself, of course I could not sell, and we left the shop.

"Well, I must say you have acted most honourably," said I to the American, when we reached the street. "After all, a bargain can't be all on one side, and I had never promised to buy the ring, so you had a perfect legal right to sell it to the Frenchman."

"You needn't say no more, stranger," said the Yankee, as if he were tired of the subject. "You can hev the stone now, if you choose, at the price we fixed on last night," and he held the ring out to me.

But I had to get my letters of credit cashed, and I agreed to meet the American in the billiard-room in an hour's time and conclude the transaction.

No one was in the billiard-room when I entered it (for it was still early in the day) except the American, who was standing by the empty fireplace. The transfer did not occupy more than five seconds. We separated, and I saw no more of my friend from the States that day.

That evening, after dinner, I happened to be sitting not far from the fireplace in the billiard-room, when I noticed a small round object lying just inside the marble fender. Curious to know what it was, I left my seat and picked it up. It was a jeweller's ring-case—not an uncommon article, certainly, yet hardly the sort of thing one often sees on the floor of a billiard-room.

Suddenly I remembered that the American had been standing close to the spot where I found it when, earlier in the day, I had exchanged my two thousand francs' worth of notes for his diamond. An uncomfortable feeling crossed my mind. What did he want with a ring-case? He had been wearing the ring he sold me.

I opened the case. The maker's name was inscribed in gilt letters inside the lid, and the address given was Paris. "Paris!" said I to myself; "he said the ring had been bought in Brazil." There was no real ground for suspicion, yet I was uneasy. I went upstairs and took out the ring. The pattern—you see it is a curious one—I remember well. Somehow I judged or fancied that the diamond did not shine as brightly as it had done the night before.

Next morning I took the ring to the jeweller.

"This is not the same ring you showed my yesterday," he said, in a tone that made it plain that he thought I meant to cheat him. "At least," he added, "it is not the same stone. This is not a stone at all; it is paste."

"So I have been told," I said, sadly. "Are you sure the jewel I showed you yesterday was a genuine diamond?"

"I am certain of it," he answered.

The honourable conduct (as I had thought it) of the stranger in refusing to sell to the jeweller was now intelligible. The jeweller meant to keep the real stone. It was not difficult to see how the fraud had been managed. The swindler had had two rings made exactly alike of a striking and peculiar pattern.

In one of them he had placed a genuine and very fine diamond. This was the decoy. In the other he had put a false diamond, closely resembling in size and shape the genuine one in the first ring. The one he wore and offered to sell was the true stone. When he got it back from the jeweller he had kept it, and had given me the sham one in exchange for my eighty pounds. What was I to do?

The first thing was to ascertain whether my friend had left the hotel. Of course, he had—on the afternoon of the previous day; still, the scent was so hot, I fancied I should have little difficulty in tracing him. But when I found him my difficulties would only begin. Of course, he would vow that he had sold me the ring with the stone which the jeweller had declared to be genuine. I might, conceivably, have substituted paste for the true gem as well as he. In any case, when I thought of the difficulty of getting back the money from an American wandering about Europe, my heart sank within me. Even if the police consented to help me, taking my word against his, even if the rogue were convicted, how was I to recover the two thousand francs?

These thoughts passed through my mind as I hurried back to the hotel. Certainly the prospect was gloomy enough.

I easily ascertained that the American had taken the train for Paris the day before, and I determined to follow him at once. I did not despair of finding him, as he would probably put up at one of the good hotels.

On the way up to Paris I could think of nothing but my loss. This fellow, I saw, had hit upon a safe and profitable method of swindling. In nine cases out of ten the cheated man would not discover his loss for years after he had seen the last of the American, if, indeed, the trick was discovered at all; for the paste was quite good enough to deceive a casual observer, and the owner would, of course, be actuated by a profound belief in his diamond straight from Brazil. Had it not been for the incident of finding the ring-case, which the rogue had accidentally dropped, I should in all probability have unwittingly cheated poor Turenne out of his money, and he might afterwards have been supposed to be trying to palm off a spurious diamond for a real gem. In all probability the fellow made a living—and a very good one—by going about Europe and practising this trick.

This idea sent off my thoughts on a new track, and by the time I had arrived in Paris I had decided on my course of action.

First of all, I made careful inquiries at the railway station as to a tall American who had arrived from Nice by a certain train on the preceding day; and, by the help of some five-franc pieces, I found the cabman who had driven him to his hotel—the Continental.

This being ascertained, I chose a quiet, unpretending hotel for myself near one of the railway stations. Then I emptied the contents of a light bag on my bed, and, taking it empty in my hand, I went to a theatrical costumiers, and saying that I intended to take part in some private theatricals, I hired the sober costume of a French advocate. (It was a part I had often played in a piece that had a pretty long run in London some eight years ago, and I had little doubt that I would be able to acquit myself in it fairly well.) I got the proper dress, wig, powder, and everything complete, and carefully disguised myself. Then I made the best of my way to the Hotel Continental.

I was just in time for the table d'hôte, and as I took my seat I noticed with great satisfaction that my transatlantic friend was sitting not very far off, and that he had not a suspicion of my identity. Nothing, I knew, could be done until after dinner, so I waited through the tedious procession of courses as patiently as I could, and when at last they came to an end, I followed the American and a little group of men who surrounded him to the smoking-room. It was not exactly the place for a serious advocate, but I could not help that.

I sat down by a little round table near the American, but slightly behind him, so as to be able to hear the conversation without joining in it unless I wished. From time to time I offered a remark, speaking, of course, in French, to the man who sat next me, but for the most part I smoked my cigar and sipped my coffee in silence.

As I expected, it was not long before diamonds became the subject of conversation.

"I don't know much about diamonds myself," said the American, speaking in his native tongue, "but I'm told by good judges that thar's about as good a stone as you'll see anywhere round." ("Almost exactly the phrases," I said to myself, "which the fellow used to me at Nice!")

"You kin take a look at it," he added, carelessly, drawing off the ring and handing it to one of the group.

"I bent forward, so as to see more clearly what was going on. One after another the men who were sitting near examined and admired the ring. The man next me was the last to look at it.

"A friend I hev at Buenos Ayres sent it to me, and I had it cut myself," said the American.

At this point I noticed that my neighbour had finished his examination of the diamond, and I touched him, intimating that I too would like to have a look at it. He handed it to me as a matter of course.

It was the very ring which had been exhibited in the same way at Nice. I had the imitation one which had been palmed off upon me ready in my hand, and under pretence of trying the effect of the gem on my finger I easily substituted the one for the other, slipped the false ring on my finger, admired it, as in duty bound, and then, pulling it off, handed it back to my neighbour, who in turn gave it to the American.

I put the diamond which I had secured into my pocket, and finished my coffee hastily, just as Brother Jonathan was making an appointment with a rich young Frenchman to meet at the shop of a fashionable jeweller next morning and take his opinion on the value of the gem.

"And since it has taken your fancy," said the unsuspecting American, "you shall hev it for the same sum the jeweller offers me for it. I can't say fairer than that, now, can I?"

I went to the railway station, got my bag, changed my hat and coat in the waiting-room, slipped into the hotel, and next day set off for Cannes.

My only regret was that I was unable to make a study of the American's face when the Paris jeweller put a price on his beautiful diamond next morning.

PRIZE STORY NOTICE.

We offer every week a Prize of Two Guineas *to the sender of the best story received. We strive for originality in this paper, but in order that all readers may have a chance of gaining this sum, stories sent in competition may be either original or selected. Their length should not exceed three columns of this paper, or three thousand words. The source of each selected piece sent in must be plainly stated, and on each competition the name and address of the sender must be legibly written.*

No use whatever will be made of unsuccessful competitions, unless, indeed, we think fit to publish original matter received at ordinary rates. Any one person may send any number of stories the same week. Envelopes containing competitions should be marked "Prize Story" in the top left-hand corner. Competitions may be sent any day. Each week's selection will be made from the stories received between Monday and Saturday. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe custody of competitions, though every endeavour will be made to return unsuccessful ones with which stamped envelopes are enclosed. Those not accompanied by stamped envelopes will be destroyed.

BEING A LAMB.

ABOUT five minutes after the lamb is born he is on his feet. The unsteady earth under him now heaves to the right, surges up and then down, and it whirls and it twirls with him while he staggers and struggles, and twists one leg round the other like a vine round a tree; or else he spreads those members all out until they look like the forks under a weather vane. He tumbles down for the fiftieth time, and for the fiftieth time renews the fight to secure that footing in the great world from which only can he reach the life-giving milk.

His mother—particularly if it is her first—in her crazy anxiety to help, knocks him down, steps on him, and does—without leaving out a possible exception—everything she should not do, while she leaves everything undone that might help the little fellow to get the desired nourishment.

"Oh, the poor, dear little thing; isn't it too bad?" says the sympathetic stranger. "The pair of idiots!" frets the impatient shepherd, who does not care to drive them until the lamb finds milk. In half an hour his milk-can is full; his sides bulge out with a surfeit of the pure article. And as the shepherd slowly urges the old ewe towards home the lamb goes reeling and rolling along like a tar just ashore from a year's voyage.

About the first error the lamb makes in life is to mistake the shepherd or his dog for its mother, and many are the manœuvres that must be gone through to make the new arrival follow the right party. His next error is likely to be an attempt to walk on air when he comes to a place where he should go down hill. His few minutes' experience in life has made him believe that all the earth is a level plain, and in broad daylight he steps off the top of a hill just as serenely as a man steps off the top landing of the stairs in total darkness when he is certain that the stairs are yet five feet away.

The result is a great surprise to man and lamb in each instance. The lamb picks himself up and continues down the hill; he soon comes to the conclusion that everything is downhill in this life, and not on a dead level. Upon getting to the foot of the hill, he still tries to continue downward, and as a result, runs his nose upon the ground and looks surprised again.

He now comes to an uphill bit, and goes up just as our man starts to go upstairs in total darkness when he thinks the stairs are still five feet away.

Our lamb is now getting very suspicious. He was pushed over and growled at for following the dog when he thought it was his mother; the shepherd kicked and abused him for following him; he tumbled down hill when he saw nothing unusual in the look of the ground, and up hill again under similar circumstances.

In this frame of mind he comes to a shadow cast by a neighbouring copse. This is the most appalling thing he has yet seen in life. He stands in the bright sunshine; twelve inches ahead of him all the world is black. How shall he get over that terrible line. It must be worse than going down hill, or up hill, or running after a dog that growls or a man that kicks. It surely looks much more frightful than any of these things.

His mother is in the shadow, and coaxes him to come along; but he will not risk it—he stands on the edge and bawls at the top of his powers. The shepherd with his big boot comes to the rescue, and our poor lamb is lifted from sunlight to shadow on the end of a muscular foot.

He trots along after his mother for a few yards and meets with a new difficulty. This time it is from shadow to sunlight. It looks terrible; the situation seems to present no end of difficulties. He looks across the line with fear and trembling, only to find it very simple and easy, and concludes that things are not so bad as they look. He has already begun to find out that things which seem easy in life lead often to disaster, and forbidding things often present no real danger.

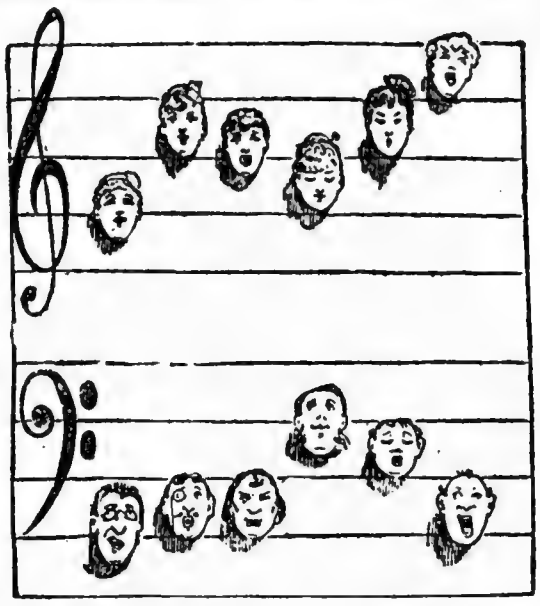
At this time he is about one hour old; for a whole hour he has been running his respirative, circulative and locomotive powers as an independent being, and has become quite a lamb. Just at that instant a carriage drives rapidly along the road. His quick eye sees it; he thinks perhaps it is his mother, and that she is running from danger.

He strikes out after it. It is wonderful what an hour has done for him in the way of development: he runs faster than the shepherd, faster than his mother, and is in imminent danger of getting under the horse's feet or the wheels of the carriage. It is here that the dog comes into play if he understands his business. He runs up alongside of the lamb, pushes it over with his nose, jumps upon it, and holds it down upon the ground with his nose till the shepherd comes up.

There is only one thing that is one hundred times as funny and provoking by turns as a lamb, and that is one hundred lambs together when they are about a month old. The shepherd sits down and watches the one hundred lambs all in a bunch by themselves, playing, running, and frolicking, and he laughs. When he has tried and tried in vain, to get the same one hundred across a bridge or into a yard he sits down again, but does not laugh this time.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

WE present our readers with some drawings of a marvellous new musical instrument consisting of human heads. The inventor is a lady, and thus far her novel production has been very favourably received in society. The performers range themselves upon a small platform, and the dozen heads, consisting of blondes and brunettes, bald-headed men, and gay young mashers, appear as if suspended in mid-air.



The construction of the "anthropophone," as this instrument is called, is a very simple one. Five strips of black material are sewn across the curtain representing the lines of the musical staff. These are about eight inches apart. The sign of the clef is then made, and lines to indicate the stem of each note. The faces of the singers are then fitted into the proper places on the scale.

Of course it is extremely difficult at times for the performers to keep their risable faculties under control. To face an audience bubbling over with merriment, and to keep in time and tune is no easy task, especially if one of the bassos is seized with a sudden desire to sneeze. This of course means a burst of laughter from the fair notes, and occasionally a few false chords, requiring all the powers of the conductor to tune the lyre afresh.

But a few rehearsals will probably be sufficient to get the singers well in hand. Certain it is that, so far, the choruses have been highly appreciated, and are likely to be in great demand in the drawing-rooms of hostesses who are always longing for some startling "draw."

The funniest and most illustrative part of the whole business, however, is the grotesque attitude which the party assumes behind the scenes. Our illustration gives a very graphic idea of this, although it is not to be supposed that a back view is included in the programme.

The decapitated forms of ladies and gentlemen are elevated at different stages on the platform, and when the discomforts of the position begin to act upon their singing powers, the performers are allowed to upside into the chairs immediately beneath them.

THE INFLUENCE OF MIND UPON LEGS.

A MAN is generally idle when he crosses his legs. You will never find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straighter than at any other, because the mind and body work together. A man engaged in auditing accounts will never cross his legs; neither will a man who is writing an article, or who is employed in any manner where his brain is actively engaged; when at work in a sitting posture the limbs naturally extend to the floor in a perfectly straight line.

A man may cross his legs if he is sitting in an office chair discussing some business proposition with another man, but the instant he becomes really in earnest and perceives something to be gained, his limbs uncross quick as a flash, he bends forward towards his neighbour, and begins to use his hands. That is a phase that I believe you will always observe.

Men often cross their legs at public meetings because they go there to listen, or to be entertained; they are not the factors in the performance, and they naturally place themselves in the most comfortable position known to them, namely, that of leaning back in their chairs and crossing their legs.

A man always crosses his legs when he reads a newspaper, but is more apt to lie down when he reads a book. He reads the paper of course to inform himself, but at the same time the perusal of its contents is recreation for him, and his body again seeks its position of relaxation.

THE DARLINGS OF THE HAREM.

HAVING obtained a wife, it is interesting to note how a Turk treats her. She has not much to complain of generally from the personal ill-treatment of her husband. The Turk, in ordinary life, is not unkind or cruel. The wife's misfortunes arise from her position. As husband and wife see little of each other, they are not specially given to quarrelling.

But she is a woman, possibly purchased outright in the slave market—for it is a pure illusion to suppose that the slave trade in Turkey has been abolished—and being a woman, she bears about her on every hand the marks of degradation. It is her duty to wait on her husband, if he is poor, at meals. Her accommodation in the house is inferior to his. In all things she is his slave.

If the wife is the daughter of a wealthy man her lot is not a hard one. As the law regards marriage merely as a partnership, she keeps her own property, and the husband has to be on his good behaviour to obtain a share of it. If she is of poor origin she can scarcely be said to have any rights. When a harem is on board a vessel the husband keeps in the saloon, living well, and sleeping in a comfortable cabin. The poor women are penned up as deck passengers, living on wretched food, which they take with them.

"Only a few weeks ago," says a traveller, "I was in a steamer carrying a harem, where there were probably twenty women, wives and slaves, who were shivering under canvas, which was quite insufficient to keep out the pelting rain. I know that it is a thing almost unknown for a harem to have cabins taken for it. The husband takes care of himself—has, perhaps, unlimited champagne—and leaves his women huddled together on deck to take care of themselves."

A MAN made a bullet out of a piece of cake tobacco, and shot it through the body of a cat. The animal died. Here we have another forcible illustration of the fatal effects of tobacco on the system.

MRS. SWEET (who has her neighbour's children in to spend the day): "And so your mother is all alone? Dear me, how she must be enjoying the quiet! (Aside) I will send my children over there to-morrow!"

"PLEASE, sir, give a poor blind man a copper," said a tramping beggar to a gentleman.

"But you are not blind," remarked the gentleman.

"No, but my partner is. He is standing down there at the corner to see if the policemen are coming."

AN oyster will live to the age of twenty-six years—that is, in the sea he will. In the restaurant the chances are decidedly against him. Sometimes he lasts a long time in the restaurant—oh! a very long time! But he does not live nearly so long as he lasts.

A LUCKY WOMAN.—She: "Oh, dear! Just as I expected. That stuck-up Mrs. Wagstaff's husband has got £800 damages out of the railway company, and you didn't get a farthing, although you were in the same accident."

He: "But I was not hurt at all, while Wagstaff has lost a leg and an arm, and will never again be able to work."

She: "All the same, Mrs. Wagstaff will be flouting a new sealskin jacket in my face next. Some people are born lucky."

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL *will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked* HOME NOTES.

How to Clean Satin. Satin may be cleaned by sponging lengthwise—never across the width—with benzine, if greasy, or alcohol, or borax water. This will not be injured by direct contact with iron. Press on the wrong side.

Grease Stains on Leather. Benzine or perfectly pure turpentine will take out most oil stains on leather if carefully applied; but the spots should be washed over afterwards with well-beaten white of egg, or a good leather reviver. (*Reply to* W.)

To Soften Kid. To soften the leather or kid of your boots, rub it each day with a bone. The shank-bone of mutton is the best. Put your boots on their lasts, and polish them quickly with this. It both makes and keeps the leather soft. (*Reply to* E. J. L.)

Potato Rolls. Mash some boiled potatoes. To three teacupfuls of potato add half a teacupful of butter, two eggs beaten until stiff, two tablespoonfuls of baking-powder, one half teacupful of milk, a half teaspoonful of pepper, and a little salt. Beat together and bake in rolls.

Solid Cream. Strain the juice of half a large fresh lemon on two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar in a jug. Add a pint of thick cream and a little brandy for flavouring; then pour the mixture from one jug to another till it begins to thicken. As soon as that happens it is ready. Serve in jelly-glasses.

Devilled Biscuits. Take some hard plain biscuits (water biscuits are as good as any), butter well on both sides, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Make some cheese into paste with a little mixed mustard, and cover one side of the biscuit with it. Dust with cayenne, broil it, and serve as hot as possible. Anchovy, pounded, may be used instead of cheese.

Matting will Last for Years if it is given a thin coat of varnish when it is first put down, and if the varnish is renewed about every six months. The varnish preserves it, and, besides, gives it a handsome look. Matting is growing in popularity as a floor covering, and in some houses is now seen on the floors in every room, from the kitchen to the top of the house.

A Simple Way of Testing Eggs. If the end of a fresh egg be applied to the tongue it feels cold; that of a stale egg feels warm. This is due to the white of a fresh egg being in contact with the shell, and abstracting the heat from the tongue more rapidly than does the air-bubble in the stale one. Fresh eggs are most transparent in the centre, stale ones at the end.

A Nice Way of Using the Remains of Cold Meat. Chop the meat very fine with some ham or bacon, add a little salt, cayenne pepper, nutmeg, parsley, a small onion chopped fine, a few breadcrumbs, and two well-beaten eggs, to a pound of meat. Put into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of milk and two ounces of butter. Stir over the fire for five minutes. Let the mixture get cold, then put it into a light paste in the form of patties.

Washing Shawls. To wash shawls, scrape one pound of soap, and boil it down in sufficient water to make a thin jelly. When cold, beat it with the hand, and add three teaspoonfuls of spirits of turpentine and one of spirits of hartshorn. Wash the shawl thoroughly in this mixture, then rinse in cold water till perfectly free of soap. This will be evidenced by the appearance of the water, which ought to be quite clear. Next rinse in salt and water to prevent the colours from streaking. Wring dry, and fold between two sheets, taking care not to allow two folds of the article to lie together. Now mangle, and iron with a cool iron. (*Reply to* AQUA.)

Haricot Beans. These should never be put into cold water to soak, as is often recommended, because all the nutritious portion of the beans is extracted by the process. They should be washed in warm water, then in cold, be tied loosely in a cloth, put into boiling water, with a spoonful of dripping and a little salt in it, and kept boiling for four hours. They are then excellent if served with gravy, and not with melted butter. They make a garnish round roast mutton or beef, and are excellent eating served whole or as a *purée*. To make the latter, when the beans are done throw them instantly into cold water, when the skins will slip off. Rub the beans through a colander, and mix a lump of butter with them. A little stock, or milk, or cream is excellent mixed in.

To Prepare a Heart. The heart of a calf, lamb, or sheep, if stuffed with tomato pulp, and then stewed, will be much more likely to agree with those who partake of it than if stuffed with veal forcemeat and baked.

Brown Flour for Browning Gravies. Put some flour into a pan over the fire, stirring it constantly to keep it from burning; when well browned put it into a dredging box, and keep for the browning of ordinary gravies.

Sandwiches. When these are of meat or anything with which mustard is an improvement, they are nicest if the condiment is mixed with the butter instead of being put on the meat. Mix a little powdered mustard with the butter very smoothly, and be careful that it is evenly spread, so that every part of the sandwich may taste alike.

An Ironmould Remover. To remove ironmould take—cream of tartar fifty parts, binoxide of potassium (powdered) fifty parts, oil of rosemary one part. Mix. The spot should be moistened, and the fabric stretched over a tin plate. Sprinkle the powder upon the stain, moisten, and rub with the finger; lastly, rinse in warm water. (*Reply to* C. E.)

Cheese Sandwiches. Put a quarter of a pound of good cheese into a mortar with an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of made mustard, and two anchovies, or a little essence of anchovy. Pound it all to a smooth paste. Spread it on bread and butter, and add very thin slices of salt beef, ham, or tongue. Cut the sandwiches into neat shapes, and arrange them on a napkin with a garnishing of parsley.

To Restore Linen that has long been Stained. Rub the stains on each side with wet brown soap; mix some starch to a thick paste, with cold water, and spread it over the soaped places; then expose the linen to the air, and if the stains have not disappeared in three or four days rub off the mixture, and repeat the process with fresh soap and starch. Afterwards dry it, wet it with cold water, and put it in the wash.

How to Send Flowers. One of the safest and best ways to send a few choice cut flowers to a distance is to cut slits in potatoes and insert the flower stems, taking care that they are firmly fastened in and supported by a little cotton or paper. An ordinary potato will keep most flowers fresh for two weeks or more in a moderate temperature. Potatoes can also be used in floral decorations by being covered with leaves and flowers, so that the practical tubers will be concealed, thus showing only what is beautiful. (*Reply to* M. D.)

Savoury Fritters. Take twelve ounces of onions, six ounces of bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of dried sage, and four eggs. Slice the onions, and put them in a deep dish, pour boiling water over them, and, after standing a few minutes, pour the water off, and fry them with a little butter and pepper, and when nicely browned, mix the sage with them. Put four ounces of these to the bread crumbs, adding the eggs, well-beaten, and fry in fritters. Put the remainder of the fried onions round the fritters on the dish, and serve with brown and apple sauce. If fresh sage be used it should be boiled a little and chopped.

How to Detect Bad Hosiery. All hosiery is to be judged by the fineness of the thread and the closeness of the texture, which, in the case of stockings especially, may be partly appreciated by weighing, as it were, the articles in the hand. In ribbed stockings a deception is sometimes practised, against which it is necessary to guard. The spaces between the ribs, which ought to be formed by an inversion of the stitch, contain no stitch at all, but an open range of threads pervious to the weather, and utterly destitute of durability. As the ribs of stockings exposed to sale are necessarily almost in contact, the fault cannot be detected without introducing the hand and opening the tissue, when it will be instantly apparent, and, indeed, will exactly resemble the flaw caused by a dropped stitch in a stocking in wear.

A Savoury Dish of Fish. Boil in a quart of cold water twopennyworth of fresh uncooked bones of meat for two hours, then strain from the bones, and put the liquor to get cold. When cold, take away all the fat, put the liquor on again with the bones, adding a pint of cold water, and boil for four hours. Strain it, and put away till the next day. Take off the fat, put into the jelly six allspice berries, and a little pepper and salt. Make the stock boil for half an hour, put into it one pound of cod, turbot, or salmon; let it boil eight minutes to a pound; take up the fish, remove the skin and bones. Then put into the dish in which the fish is to be served, breaking it into suitable pieces for serving. Strain the liquor over the fish. Mince to a paste two thin slices of onions, put it over the fish, and let it stay till cold before serving. Preferable to the onion would be to rub the fish three times with a clove of garlic. Sprats, headed and cleaned, mackerel, or any white fish may be cooked in a similar manner. It is delicious, whether eaten cold or only half-cold.

To Clean Damask Curtains. If crimson, wash well with ordinary soap and water, then rinse in clean cold water, pass through a wringing machine, and hang in the open air to dry. If the curtains are green, use gall instead of soap. Silk trimmings must be removed, as they cannot be cleaned.

To Cook Cockles. Put them into a bowl under a tap, and let the water run long enough to wash off the grit. Then place the cockles in a pan, with sufficient hot water to cover the bottom, and put on the lid. Let them boil about five minutes, giving them a shake occasionally. When they begin to open they are ready for use. It is better to cook no more than are required for immediate use.

Beware of the March Winds. If you want to keep your face and hands smooth and soft during the keen winds which may be expected for the next few weeks you should spend sixpence on a bottle of Clark's Glycola. It is most soothing and effective, and has the great advantage of being entirely free from grease. One can rub it over the hands and then do needlework without any fear of soiling the latter.

The Secret of Making Good Cakes. Some cooks say that for every dish there is a secret. If this be so, the secret of making baking-powder cakes light is to mix them stiffly. Of course, all the ingredients should be moistened, there should be no dry flour left in the corners of the bowl, and they should be well mixed together, so that all are equally divided everywhere. A cake is never well made when the currants or raisins "shout" to one another, as it is called, as if a few in one corner would say, "Here we are, where are you?" But the mass should be stiff, so stiff that a knife stuck in the middle of it will remain upright. It is to be remembered that both sugar and dripping, when dissolved, become liquid, and that too much moisture is sure to make a cake heavy.

Things Worth Knowing. Weak pearl-ash water removes stains caused by acids on scarlet woollen goods.——A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectually detach a fish-bone fastened in the throat.——To preserve mucilage of either gum arabic or tragacanth, add a few drops of oil of cloves or alcohol.——To perfume clothes, take cloves, cedar, and rhubarb, each one ounce; pulverise, and sprinkle it in the closet or drawer. It will also prevent moths.——To take lime stains out of wood, try oxalic acid dissolved in warm water, and apply to the parts stained. This will also remove ink stains.——Two ounces each of parsley, lemon-thyme, sweet marjoram, and winter savoury, dried and powdered, make an excellent vegetable relish.——To black a brick hearth, mix some black lead with soft soap and a little water, and boil it; then lay it on with a brush. Or mix the lead with water only.——Gravy will generally be lumpy if thickening is poured in while the pan is over the fire. Set the pan off until the thickening is well rubbed in, then set it on the fire and cook thoroughly.——Icing for cake may be prevented from cracking when cut by adding one tablespoonful of sweet cream to each unbeaten egg. Stir all up together, and then add sugar until as stiff as can be stirred.

Isobel

[*CLOSES ON SATURDAY.*]

LADIES' WORK COMPETITION.

We offer Prizes to the value of TEN POUNDS for competition among our lady readers. The various articles which are sent to compete for these Prizes, will, after the awards have been decided, be either returned to their senders, or distributed among Societies which exist for the purpose of assisting the deserving poor, regardless of sect. If senders wish their articles to be returned to them, they should enclose sufficient stamps for that purpose. Articles which win prizes will naturally be disposed of to charitable institutions.

The following are the articles for the best of which prizes will be awarded, and the value of the latter:—

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1. COTTON NIGHT-DRESS—Full woman's size	20/-	10/-
2. FLANNEL PETTICOAT—Full woman's size, no tucks ..	15/-	7/6
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4. COTTON CHEMISE—Full woman's size	12/6	7/6
5. MAN'S FLANNEL SHIRT	20/-	10/-
6. HOOD FOR CHILD UNDER SIX—Made of woollen material	15/-	7/6
Special Prizes for Young Readers. (Between 12 and 15 years of age.)		
7. CHILD'S WOOLLEN FROCK—Suitable for children between 3 and 6 .. .. (Under 12 years of age.)	20/-	10/-
8. KNITTED OR CROCHETED WOOLLEN SCARF	10/-	5/-

All garments should be made plainly, and of warm and serviceable material. Nos. 1 and 4 may be worked either by hand or by machine. The rest must be done by hand only, and garments must not be washed before being sent in.

Name and address of sender must be stitched on to each garment; and, with each, must be a certificate stating that it is the unaided work of the sender.

All competitions must be sent before Saturday, Feb. 28, to

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Offices of *Pearson's Weekly*,
Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

The work of adjudication will be assisted if garments are sent in as soon as possible, instead of being kept until the close of the Competition.

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Authorised Capital - -	£1,000,000
Subscribed Capital - -	357,500
Paid-up Capital - - -	71,500

HEAD OFFICE: 26, OLD BROAD ST., LONDON, E.C.

[illegible]

SAMPSON S. [illegible], Esq. (Director Lloyds' Bank, Limited).

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

H. J. D. asks a curious question. He says:—"Are there any countries where it is customary for mothers to lick their children instead of having them washed?"————Mothers have a way of licking their children in most countries, but we do not know why the application of the maternal slipper should obviate the necessity for soap and water.

R. R. W.—Perhaps you would have liked the Prince of Wales to hold the money. A combination of a well-known clergyman and one of the oldest-established banks in London is good enough for us, and should be so for anybody.

J. P. Q. writes:—"Perhaps this extract from Benjamin Franklin's autobiography, written in 1771, may prove an interesting addition to the reply which stated that '"The Imitation of Christ" had been translated into more languages than any book but the Bible.'"

In crossing the bay, we met with a squall. A drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger, fell overboard. When he was sinking, I reached through the water to his shock pate, and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little, and he went to sleep, taking first out of his pocket a book, which he desired I would dry for him. It proved to be my old favourite, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in Dutch. I have since found that it has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and suppose it has been more generally read than any other book, except, perhaps, the Bible.

————Personally, we expected that "Pilgrim's Progress" would be the reply to the question. There is no doubt that it comes a very good third.

M. T.—Yes; it's a good sign, isn't it? The gentleman in question is very well known in the literary world, and we hope the fact that he has joined our staff may be evidenced by an improvement in the contents of the paper. We have no idea why the journal in which you saw the fact announced mentioned it, unless it was because the editor considered it an interesting piece of news.

THE applicant for our Novel Prize who was alluded to in the paragraph which we reprinted from THE GENTLEWOMAN, writes:—"I suppose it is only natural that you should get a grumble from some one at the abrupt ending of your scheme. After your very kind reception of myself when I visited London to see Miss Hill, I cannot refrain from again thanking you for the manner in which I was entertained during my visit. I can quite sympathise with Miss Hill's feelings in the matter, and am not surprised at her withdrawing. It is all very well for outsiders to grumble, but as I happened to be the person mentioned in THE GENTLEWOMAN, I can assure your correspondent "L. B." that every detail on your part, and on the part of myself and Miss Hill, was carried out in the most pleasant manner possible. If "L. B." is not satisfied now, let him apply, through you, to yours faithfully,—Mr. F—. (Devonshire.)

DEVONIAN corrects SCROPILOS, who stated the other day that mistletoe never grows in Devon, by asserting that a magnificent plant of it is to be seen in an orchard on Lower Ashculin Estate, about three miles from the well-known Wellington monument on the Blackdown Hills. This, DEVONIAN asserts, is positively the only bit of mistletoe growing in his lovely county.

CYCLIST, who says that our £100 Insurance for his fraternity leads him to regard us as a kind of guardian angel where wheeling is concerned, asks us to warn wheelmen against the practice of following too closely after one another when going fast, as, if one meets with a mishap, there is every chance of another who is close behind him coming to grief as well. ————It so happens that we are just now in a position to offer some very straight practical advice on this subject. Last Saturday afternoon we were endeavouring to clear our brains by a run with a friend through that beautiful part of Surrey which lies between Dorking and Guildford. A downhill stretch of a couple of miles or so tempted us both to put up our feet and let our machines carry us at their own pace, which, after the first mile or so, was at least as fast as a young lady who smokes cigars, talks slang, and bets on the races. Our friend led the way. We followed close on his track. Suddenly he ran into an artfully concealed pitfall, which brought his career to an abrupt termination. "Stop!" he shouted. We did. But only because we ran into the curious mixture of man and machine to which he belonged. We will not harrow your feelings with a detailed description of the injuries to rider and ridden which resulted. Fortunately the latter suffered more than the former. Had we been fifty instead of five yards in the rear when the leader fell there would have been time to pull up, or to steer round him. As it was, we could only hastily endeavour to so arrange that we fell on the softest spot in the neighbourhood, which was our friend's prostrate form, all of which goes to prove that "coasting" is no amusement for steady-going, respectable editors. Take warning from this unvarnished narrative, ye cycling readers, and always give the other man a good start down hill.

A BOY WHO LOVES sends the following scathing reply to our recent article on BOY LOVE:—"I have been instructed to act as writer of this letter by ten of my friends. The writer of the article mentioned above must be a confirmed bachelor. He begins with the old old saying, that boys will ape men. Surely boys of the present time must not hang back, they must push themselves in front of the men if they want to be heard. Then love is his next point. Possibly he never had anybody who he thought would return any affection to him. 'He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils.' Evidently he speaks for himself, because on asking I find that six of us never put oil or any fatty matter whatever on our heads, and I never even use water to smooth my hair. Scent of course we use occasionally. The modern boy if he sees a girl that he cares for, sticks to her and tries to make her care for him, he does not have to resort to old flowers, worn-out gloves, etc., for her love. Why should not a boy love as well as a man? If he cannot keep her, it makes him try to raise himself. Next time we see anything in your paper about boys, I hope it will be sensible."

D. L.—If you have no one to vote for, don't vote. There is no compulsion. We do not expect to have anything like the same number of coupons as we issue copies of the paper.

D. R.—On an average nineteen persons out of every hundred committed for murder are condemned and executed.

O. SENDS the following curious example of the sharp look-out for business which some people keep:—"A cypher advertisement appeared in a London daily, which I amused myself by translating—as I generally do. It was written in a very affecting style, and was from a man to his wife, who had apparently deserted him. It seems that I was not the only person who succeeded in reading it, as another advertisement, written in the same cypher, appeared next day, which I translated as follows: 'I, A—— B——, have read cypher of yesterday. Come to me for advice and help.' The advertisement of A—— B——, private detective, etc., appeared in another part of the paper."

C. H. asks:—Should you have any objection to inserting an advertisement in *Pearson's Weekly*, something like the following, for the next seven weeks?

> **NO ENTRANCE FEE.**
>
> **£1 will be given to the First Person sending the "Engaged Couple" Coupon from this week's "Pearson's Weekly," filled in with the names "Mr. ——" and "Miss B——." NO ENTRANCE FEE. Send the Coupon and a postcard for result to Mr. "So-and-So." etc.**

If you think this is not exactly a fair way to try for the £100 you so kindly offer, please say so.————We could not insert such an advertisement in *Pearson's Weekly*. You are, of course, perfectly at liberty to put it in other papers if you choose.

OLIVER.—It is absolutely essential that the real name and address of the winner in the weekly Story Competition should be published. If we were merely to announce that the prize had been awarded to, say, "A Reader from No. 1," many disappointed competitors would probably feel that, in withholding the name of the winner, we were not dealing fairly with them. It is always best to be perfectly open in matters of this kind. We make it a rule to give the names and addresses of all prize winners.

PUZZLED ONE.—We have no doubt that some competitors for the £100 will try such tricks as you mention, but neither have we any doubt that the investigations which we shall make in the case of those from whom most coupons are received will be sufficiently searching to discover anything of the kind. In the event of its being satisfactorily proved that the couple on whose behalf the greatest number of coupons are received have not complied with the regulations, the money will pass to the next on the list.

M. B.—This is how the change came about. A great many of our readers are kind enough to write and tell us candidly what they think of the paper. We very much value their outspoken criticism, for it is only by studying carefully the wishes of its supporters that a new journal can hope to gain wide popularity. We have recently been particularly struck with the number of subscribers who have written disparagingly regarding OUR READER'S LETTER-BOX. Whether the cause lies in the fact that a large number of people are necessarily disappointed every week at not seeing their letters in print, or whether it is that the matter in this page does not reach the same standard as the rest of the paper, we do not pretend to decide. It is sufficient to have learnt that the page is not so much liked as others. We therefore decide to confine the letters to a couple of columns, and to publish in the third personal paragraphs under the heading, ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

F. P. writes: "Various curious collections having been mentioned in THE *Weekly*, I should like to mention mine, which, in my opinion, is most curious and possibly unique. During the Great Dock Strike there appeared, on September 17th, two posters, one of THE STAR, one of THE EVENING NEWS AND POST, in largest capitals.

½d. THE STAR. ½d.	½d. THE EVENING NEWS AND POST. ½d.
SECOND EDITION.	SECOND EDITION.
Sept. 17.	*Tuesday, September* 17.
ALL QUIET AT THE DOCKS THIS MORNING. MORE WORK.	GREAT RIOTING AT THE DOCKS THIS MORNING.

Such an absolute contradiction on posters as this I take to be one of the most curious happenings in journalism."————It certainly is a curiosity, and such examples make one wonder whether it is possible that history can be even approximately accurate when affairs of to-day are liable to such misrepresentation.

A VALENTINE FOX thus gives the paper a chance of distinguishing itself:—"On Valentine's Day I received a very pretty valentine, but am in utter ignorance of who sent it. Knowing how popular your paper is in this town (Chelmsford), it struck me you could be of great assistance if you would insert this letter. This is not the first one I have received in the same handwriting, so it seems pretty certain the lady, although too shy to disclose her name, is in love with me. Here, then, is a chance for her. *Pearson's Weekly* may now be the means of bringing two fond hearts together—or is she waiting for 1892 (leap year) before disclosing her name?" ————Don't forget us if she does respond. We like wedding cake.

J. R. W.—There are nearly three times as many cats as dogs in this country.

NEWSPAPER CLERK.—We do not propose to publish accounts of the principal provincial papers in the POPULAR PAPERS series. We wish to refer in these articles only to periodicals that are universally known over the country, and this is not the case with regard to provincial organs. For instance, probably the majority of southerners have never seen a copy of the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, though the paper is familiar to most people in the north of England. The papers we have dealt with in the past, and shall deal with in the future, all circulate in every district of the kingdom.

INTERESTED ONE.—It would be best for voters to give their coupons to candidates, and for the latter to send them to us in bulk.

A. C. E. writes:—"The result of the Smith Prize brought to my remembrance the following anagrams, which I thought might bear repetition:—'Horatio Nelson' may be read either as 'Honor est a Nilo' ('Honour is from the Nile'), or 'Lo! Nation's Hero.' 'Florence Nightingale' becomes 'Flit on cheering angel,' or 'Cling on feeling heart.' 'William Ewart Gladstone' not inaptly becomes 'A man to wield great wills.' A flatterer of James I. of England found 'A just master' in 'James Stuart.'"

A SUFFERING MORTAL.—We fully agree with you. The generality of modern songs are mawkish and silly to a degree. A good many people must like this sort of thing, though, or song writers surely would have turned their attention to more sensible topics than they usually pursue. Since this paper was started we have had eighteen applications from composers who wished to set the verses that have appeared in our columns to music, so we think we may say that *some* sensible songs are being turned out.

WALTER SMITH, when writing to thank us for the pencil-case which was sent him as a consolation prize the other day (the pencil-cases, by the way, seem to have been very much appreciated by both Smiths and sharp-eyed subscribers who detected the little e in judged the week before last), says that he believes our readers generally would greatly appreciate a page of puzzles similar to the anagram upon which the Smith family exercised their skill. ————We do not think that this could be the case, but should be very glad to have the opinions of any readers who feel strongly on the matter one way or the other.

POSTAL RATES.

Pearson's Weekly will be sent direct from the offices post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:—

	s.	d.
One Year	8	8
Half Year	4	4
Three Months	2	2

Postage (at book rates) being a penny a copy.
Offices: Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

Back Numbers can always be obtained.

SOLE AGENTS FOR AUSTRALASIA:

Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co., Sydney & Melbourne

Printed for the Proprietors, and published by them at Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

LAST FEW WEEKS OF SALE! STOCK RAPIDLY SELLING OUT!!

All Ladies who intend purchasing these beautiful Dresses should forward their orders at once!
SPECIAL VALUE DURING THIS MONTH! NEW COLOURS FOR COMING SEASON!

WE will send a FULL DRESS LENGTH of our FAMOUS "Wylwyrwell Cloth" in any of the following colours, CARRIAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS FOR 10s. 6d. Colours:—Black, Blue, Green, Fawn, Salmon, Beseda, Tabac, Slate, Old Rose, Crushed Strawberry, Ruby, Brown, Grey, Claret, Sage, Terra Cotta, Peacock, Smoke, Crimson, Electric, Bronze, Myrtle, Drab, Olive, Grenat, Navy, Heather, and all the newest colours for the present season. These wonderful 10s. 6d. Dress Lengths have gained a world-wide reputation; for magnificence, cheapness, and durability having no equal. They are imitated by many, but equalled by none. They wear for years, always keep their colour, and we guarantee that they will neither shrink nor spot with rain. They are manufactured specially for us, under our own personal supervision, and we have every confidence in recommending them to readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY as a thorough, substantial, hard-wearing material. They are strongly recommended by all the leading Newspapers and Journals in every part of the British Isles.

Remarkable Testimonials.

From Mrs. LOVELOCK, 37, Bennell Road, Drayton Park, London, N.

"DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for the early delivery of the dress lengths ordered last week. I am more than pleased with them. I have cut a piece of one of the lengths (a black), and WASHED IT WITH THE FAMILY WASHING, AFTERWARDS DRYING IT IN THE KITCHEN OVEN. When placed back in its original position, I found it had not shrunk in the least degree, neither was the colour altered. I am as well pleased with the light shades as the darker ones. You have certainly solved the problem 'How a mother may dress her daughters well for a comparatively small sum,' at least for me and I doubt not for many others who have ordered your famous cloths."

From Miss M. COOTEN, Holly Lodge, Sidcup, Kent.

"SIR,—I beg to say that the cloth dress which I purchased of you a year-and-a-half since is still in good condition, it being the most comfortable, and the cheapest winter dress I have ever worn. Rain or snow does not affect it in the least."

We have received Thousands of Testimonials equal to the above from all parts of the world.

GRAND PRESENTS TO ALL PURCHASERS!

TO BE

£1,000 GIVEN AWAY!

We shall GIVE a Very Handsome BROCADED SILK HANDKERCHIEF with each dress length ordered from us during this season. These handkerchiefs are excellent in quality and design, and may be had in white and cream. When three dresses are ordered at the same time, we give THREE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, and also ONE PAIR of our very best quality 4-button FRENCH KID GLOVES, in any size or colour.

AN INVITATION.

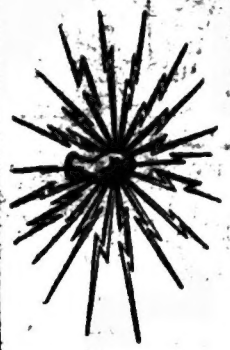
We invite every reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY to write for patterns of these beautiful 10s. 6d. Cloth Dresses. We send the Patterns FREE to any address, so that Ladies who write for OUR Patterns, have not the trouble and expense of returning them. With each set of Patterns we send Fashionable Designs for Cloth Dresses (specially designed for the coming season), also copies of testimonials from many well-known Ladies, and opinions of the Press. We also enclose Patterns of our new "IDEAL CLOTH," at 15s. the dress length, in all the richest colours it is possible to produce. Write at once for a full set of Patterns and all particulars, and you will be astonished when you see them.

LUTAS B. V. LEATHLEY & Co., Cloth Dress Warehouse, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

CAUTION TO DRUG TAKERS.

Before it is too late, we would advise our readers not to ruin their constitutions with quack medicines and poisonous drugs, which, although possibly affording temporary relief in certain common ailments, are irreparable mischief to the entire system, and frequently sow the seeds of most painful and fatal diseases. If people wish to prolong their lives and enjoy good health, they should adopt simple and natural means, such as by wearing one of

MR. HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.



PAMPHLET AND CONSULTATION FREE.

These genuine appliances are very comfortable to wear, and the mild continuous currents of electricity which they imperceptibly generate, naturally and speedily INVIGORATE the debilitated constitution, assist digestion, and invigorate assimilation, giving strength to every nerve and muscle of the body, and effectively preventing chills and rheumatic pains, which so many people are, unfortunately, subject to in this country, where the climate is so changeable. It seems, and is, a simple remedy; but it is as sure as it is simple, and the number of unsolicited testimonials we have received from all classes of society amply prove that we do not exaggerate when we say that HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS have completely cured thousands of men and women in all parts of the world, most of whom had obtained no relief from medicine, and many of them had been pronounced by their family doctors as positively incurable.

1,000 RECENT TESTIMONIALS may be seen at the Company's Institute. The following are a few extracts:—

HEALTH RESTORED.—"23, Lowndes Square, London, S.W., February 2nd, 1891. Sir,—As your Electropathic Belt has done me so much good I am writing to ask you to tell me how much you charge for Ladies' Belts (of the best kind)?—Yours obliged, J. STANLEY-CHAPPELL."

H. HURST, Esq., 7, Ponsonby Place, Grosvenor Road, S.W., writes:—"February 15, 1891. Your Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of a very severe attack of Sciatica, which I had suffered from for five years."

RHEUMATISM AND INDIGESTION.—"Villa Rosa, Veytaux, Montreux, Switzerland, February 3, 1891. Dear Sir,—Will you kindly forward me one of your Electropathic Belts of medium strength at an early date. I wore one some twelve months ago, and found it beneficial in case of Rheumatism and Indigestion. I shall be glad if I can have it on Saturday.—Yours truly, (Rev.) E. WARDLE."

LUMBAGO.—"Sampford Hall, Braintree, February 7, 1891. Dear Sir,—Since wearing the Electropathic Belt for Lumbago I have experienced great relief. The pains disappeared after wearing the appliance a few weeks, and have never returned.—Yours faithfully, ARTHUR RICHARDSON."

RHEUMATISM AND CONSTIPATION.—"107, Regent Street, Hull, January 30th, 1891. Sir,—I purchased an Electropathic Abdominal Belt from your establishment in October last, and the effect was something wonderful—more than I am able to describe—I have lost all rheumatic pain, and I have not had a doctor since I began to wear the Belt. My health is very much improved, and I am happy to tell you that I am quite cured of constipation after suffering for over twenty years.—Yours truly, (Mrs.) S. HEADLY."

PALPITATION, NEURALGIA, AND DEBILITY.—"Lindfield, Ryde, Isle of Wight, February 2nd, 1891. Sir,—I am very pleased to testify to the efficacy of your Electropathic Belt. I have been wearing one constantly for four months and am thankful to say my health is greatly improved. I had been suffering from Palpitation, Facial Neuralgia and General Debility. In every respect I am much improved and shall take every opportunity of recommending your Belt to my friends and others who are suffering in the same way. You may make any use you please of this letter.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, (Miss) MARY YOUNG."

ELECTRICITY v. MEDICINE.

The following is a list of some of the ailments that have been effectively cured by simply wearing one of these genuine Electropathic appliances:—Nervous Exhaustion, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Melancholia, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Constipation, Spasms, Flatulence, Torpid Liver, Nervous and Bilious Headaches, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Kidney Complaints, Hysteria, Feeble Circulation, Heartburn, &c. This is not a rash statement, but an actual fact, which can be verified by referring to the book of testimonials published at

52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W

by the Inventors, the Medical Battery Company, Limited. A copy will be sent free by post, with descriptive pamphlet, to those who are unable to call at the Company's Establishment, which, by the way, is the largest Medico-Electric Institute in the world, and is known as the Electropathic and London Institute.

MONTHLY COMPETITION.

THE following are the Winners of the January Competition. We find that the New Rules have not yet found their way into the hands of every Competitor but that some are still competing on the Old Rules for 1890. IF YOU HAVE NOT YET SEEN THE NEW RULES FOR 1891, SEND YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON HALFPENNY POST CARD AND WE WILL SEND YOU THEM, FREE, BY RETURN OF POST.

We call special attention to the Rules One and Four of Card Box Competition. Please note that competitors who do not give the full name and address of householders not using Sunlight Soap, or give the names of people who are not householders, will be disqualified.

LEVER BROS., LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, NR. BIRKENHEAD.

WRAPPERS COMPETITION.

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS AGED 16 LAST BIRTHDAY AND UNDER.

PRIZES each month—60 Silver Keyless Lever Waltham Watches, value £4 4s. each.

Girls Aged 16.

M. B. ADAM, Post Office Buildings, Uphall, N.B., 800; B. A. WHITMARSH, 15, Eden Street, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, 665; E. DENNY, c/o Mr. Denny, 95, New Road, Whitechapel, E., 650; V. E. BRADLEY, 89, Sheepscar Street, Sackville Street, Leeds, 537; R. BIRCH, Provident Place, Great Berkhampstead, Herts, 504.

Girls Aged 15.

R. A. JOHNSON, 73, Queen Street, Louth, Lincs., 1,539; M. R. BAILEY, 9, Danbury Street, Islington, N., 714; M. BAKER, 38, Burdett Buildings, Burdett Street, Westminster Bridge Road, Lambeth, London, 647; E. COOPER, 20, Benbow Street, Stoke, Devonport, Devon, 452; M. LOBB, 38, Cromwell Terrace, Albert Road, North Woolwich, 367.

Girls Aged 14.

M. E. GARTH, Moorfield Terrace, Hollingworth, near Manchester, 523; N. HILTON, 190, Upholland Road, Orrell, near Wigan, 501; C. LOCKWOOD, 1, Church Walk, Hinckley, 500; M. J. SCARLETT, 16, Warneford Terrace, Stanley Street, Hull, 397; L. ROSER, 31, Francis Street, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W., 336.

Girls aged 13.

F. E. WEAVER, 5, Miller Street, Camden Town, London, N.W., 603; C. E. CORBEY, 4, Melbourne Villas, Fillebrook Road, Leytonstone, Essex, 357; E. HUNT, 32, Chapel Street, Beeston, Notts, 233; M. E. WILDE, 1, Caledonian Crescent, King's Cross, London, N., 218; M. J. RUST, Providence Cottage, Queen's Road, Luton, near Chatham, 200.

Girls aged 12.

J. E. RACE, Co-operative Street, Old Sheldon, Durham, 750; B. PULINGER, 178, Kilburn Park Road, Kilburn, London, N.W., 453; S. ANDREWS, 16, Pennant Mews, Marloes Road, Kensington, 357; A. G. WILLIAMS, c/o Mr. Williams, 29a, Regent Street, Wrexham, 332; M. E. E. CLARKE, 17, Sunny Bank, Barnstaple, 215.

Girls aged 11 and under.

A. WHINHAM, Prudhoe-on-Tyne, 700; M. A. HAYES, 30, Cumberland Market, Regent's Park, London, N.W., 630; A. E. STONER, 10, Roman Road, Victoria Park, London, E., 626; H. GUIVER, 122, Crawford Street, Baker Street, London, W., 608; M. HALLIDAY, 1, Rake Lane, Clifton, near Manchester, 605.

Boys aged 16.

W. NICHOLS, 623, Young Street, Wolverton, Bucks, 1,001; R. GALLAGHER, 26, Lower English Buildings, South Side, Glasgow, 838; L. LAWLOR, 13, Brewer Street, Golden Square, London, 831; C. SCOTT, c/o H. C. TAYLOR, The Triangle, Westport, Malmesbury, Wilts, 829; W. C. GREEN, 33, Tooley Street, Southwark, S.E., 820.

Boys aged 15.

F. ROWLAND, 256, Wick Road, South Hackney, London, 1205; J. W. JELLEY, 131, Church Street, Pendleton, 800; S. GRAY, 83, Riversdale Road, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, London, 745; J. SMITH, 1A, Jessel Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, 592; J. A. FOSTER, 36, Middle Street North, Great Driffield, 553.

Boys Aged 14.

T. AUSDEN, 47, Ferndey Street, Watford, Herts, 1,165; C. WICKHAM, 36, Willis Street, Poplar, E., 670; S. KIBLEY, 3, Kilmarsh Road, Hammersmith, W., 654; S. A. SALMON, 55, Emanuel Street, Landport, Hants, 556; P. F. GILCHRIST, 644, Gallowgate Street, Glasgow, 523.

Boys Aged 13.

H. G. ILLSLEY, 45, Victoria Street, Old Swindon, Wilts, 751; H. SMITH, 1, Lever Terrace, Tranmere, near Birkenhead, 610; W. WILSON, 53, Great James Street, Hoxton, London, 505; J. MAINWARING, 41, Gladstone Street, Widnes, 401; E. F. FARDON, 25, Grantham Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, 350.

Boys Aged 12.

J. DRAPER, c/o Mr. D. Draper, Steam Saw Mills, Parr's Lane, Aughton, 651; H. J. FREEMAN, 32, Cawley Road, South Hackney, London, 631; P. H. CADBY, 30, Claremont Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, 461; B. SARSON, 12, Rudolph Road, Kilburn, N.W., 324; E. MITCHELL, 12, Carr Hill Road, Mossley, near Manchester, 296.

Boys Aged 11 and Under.

H. BELL, c/o Mr. W. Johnston, Pivens Land, Dreghorn, Ayrshire, 717; D. DOUGLAS, East Calder, 551; E. A. COLLIS, 31, Mile End Road, London, E., 519; W. I. PLESTED, Gloucester Street, Stroud, 513; G. TOMPKINS, 2, Woodbine Cottage, North Road, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, 481.

CARD BOX COMPETITION.

OPEN TO ALL AGED 17 LAST BIRTHDAY AND UPWARDS.

PRIZES each Month—60 Silver Keyless Lever Waltham Watches, Value £4 4s. each.

Ladies Aged 17 and Upwards.

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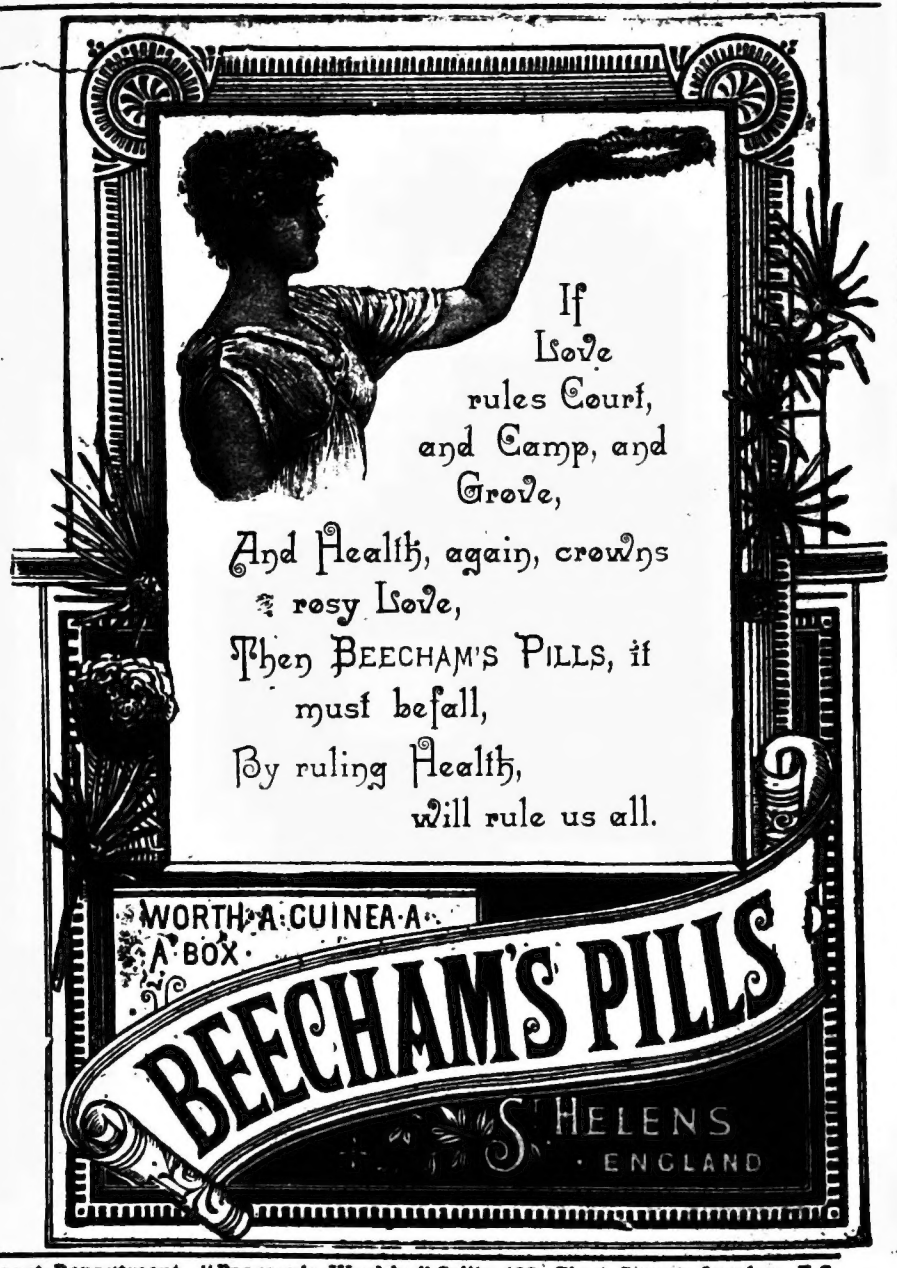
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